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THE FRONT PAGE

WORD comes from British Columbia that there is a movement on foot to induce the Dominion Government to permit the importation of five thousand Chinamen, without payment of the head tax, to construct the mountain section of the Grand Trunk Pacific, these men to be sent back to China on the completion of that work. It is said that wealthy Chinamen on the coast are prepared to put up a guarantee of \$100,000 that the Celestial laborers will be deported when this particular piece of railway building has been finished. More will be heard of this proposal. At present it takes the shape of a petition that is being signed by all Chinamen of substance on the Pacific coast, but these yellow capitalists alone would have little influence at Ottawa. White contractors are behind the proposal. They want Chinese labor because it is cheap; but they want it still more because they can get it in abundance and can rely on it when they have got it. These pig-tailed toilers do not go on strike; they never heard of the eight or nine hour day; they do not demand increased pay whenever the employer gets into a hole. Some strong influences will be exerted in favor of the admission of Chinese labor on the terms proposed by the petition now being circulated among the Chinamen of the Coast. But it is not what Ah Sin and Wun Lung will say to the politicians at Ottawa that will have influence in that quarter. A story came from the Coast a fortnight ago to the effect that a syndicate of wealthy Chinamen had purchased one of the most influential daily newspapers in British Columbia, and that the journal in question would advocate the repeal of the present exclusion law. The story has not been verified, but it is clear enough that there is something in the wind. We shall have the Chinese question on our hands ere long, and there will be yellow Chinese money behind it, long, green, Canadian money, and considerable political influence.

We don't want Chinamen in Canada. If five thousand of them were brought here under strict contract to do certain work and then get out, the influences strong enough to secure this concession, would, in the two or three years of their presence, grow strong enough to obtain release from the obligation to deport them. At least half of them never would be deported. Their term of employment would be extended, their scene of labor shifted—they would be handed over from one contractor to another, like, and along with, derricks, dredges, steam shovels, and other road-making appliances. If five thousand of them could be brought in for one purpose, half as many more could follow for another, and twice as many for various other purposes. If the exclusion law could be suspended, and the alien labor law set aside, in favor of railway building in the Rockies, why not in favor of the wheat-growers of the West, who are driven crazy in their efforts to gather in immense crops?

This is a white man's country, and white men will keep it so. The slant-eyed Asiatic, with his yellow skin, his unmanly humility, his cheap wants, would destroy the whole equilibrium of industry. He would slave like a Nubian, scheme like a Yankee, hoard like the proverbial Jew. Turn these people loose in a country like ours and they would make progress like a pestilence. Race prejudice! This is race prejudice, of course. But so strong, so prevalent, is it that no Government could do any one thing that would bring it to more swift and sure disaster than to open the gates of this country to the yellow invaders. Let them swarm in once and the yellow stain on the country will be one that cannot be rubbed out. We cannot assimilate them. They are an honest, industrious, but hopelessly inferior race. They will do our work for us, just as the African slave did the work of the planters in the Southern States, and we would flourish for a time, just as they flourished—but we would have to pay for it, as the South has had to pay for it. A country that is in a hurry, like a man in a hurry, often resorts to foolish expedients and trips over its own feet. Railways are needed in the West, and the demand for them cannot possibly be supplied fast enough, but it were better to go slow than spot the West with yellow men. All Europe is looking to Canada, and in every village men are saving up money to pay their way out to us. Every man of them would hear with displeasure that Chinamen were being imported to build our national railway. The country, at the very time when her reputation stands highest, would get a set-back throughout every kingdom in Europe. It would be the worst kind of blunder. The exclusion law is all right. This is a white man's country; white men are paying for the national railway, and white men ought to build it. There was no talk of yellow men when the subsidies were being voted by Parliament. If men cannot be secured to build the railway fast enough, and if the alien labor law is to be suspended in favor of anybody, let it be in favor of men imported under contract from the British Isles. Plenty of labor can be hired across the pond. To get white labor, all the contractor has to do is to pay for it. We can't vote white subsidies for a yellow railway.

NOT long ago a rich man died in an Ontario town, and when his will was brought to light it was learned that he had left his wife the use of the family residence and an annual sum of money that he figured she could manage to get along with comfortably. He knew that she could make a dollar go a long way, for he had, during many years, made use of her ability in that direction. The sum he had set apart for his wife was much smaller than the household expenses had been during his life, for he knew that he had always been the expensive member of the family, and his death would effect a great saving. He seems to have figured out the extent of that saving, subtracted it from the amount of the annual household expenditure, and thus discovered the sum his wife would need annually. The bulk of his fortune he willed to children, relatives, and charities. But he added a clause to the effect that should his wife remarry she should forfeit the house, the use of the house, and the annuity. Should she remarry she would have to stand at the altar a little more penniless than when she went there with him some twenty-five years

before. Having settled his affairs in this world, the good man said his prayers and died. In reading the published reports of wills probated in the Surrogate Courts, one sees many cases that look very much like this one. Here was a wife who had helped her husband to make every dollar of which he died possessed, and yet he disposed of it all just as if he had made every red cent of it himself—he provided for her needs in about the same close and careful way that he would have measured out oats to feed a horse. He left her what? A good, steady job, minding his house after he had vacated it, but her roof and her wages were to be taken away should she not remain exclusively in the service of her absent master. It was some such decent provision as a wealthy man might have made for a faithful housekeeper, during such time as she remained a spinster. But this woman was his first and only wife—she married, had children, prospered from comparative poverty to wealth. With all his earthly goods she had helped to endow him, by means of her thrift, her optimism, and that cheerful home life without which few men accomplish much. Suppose the wife, not the husband, had died? He would have mourned for a period, and pitied himself the rest of his days. But he would not have been doomed to sit through the years,

year, drafting a document that will remain until after his death, bring himself to dictate terms to her that he knows she would resent. He is usually cowards in dealing with their wives. The roost he grows to be a bully; if he is ruled by his wife he crawls. Now and then a foolish woman, on being left a pile of money by her husband, will cut a dash for a while, marry a young spendthrift, and lose everything. This happens rarely, but often enough to cause many a husband to resolve to guard against a similar happening. Yet surely a man should be able to so devise his estate that it will be unnecessary to put in his will a provision that expresses both ingratitude and distrust in respect of his wife.

What is it that a man expects of his widow when he seeks to make it impossible for her to marry again? No doubt he hates to think of another squandering the means he has gathered; also he feels a desire to protect her against a foolish marriage, and he thinks that any second marriage would be foolish. It is not that he wants her to mourn miserably for him through long years, yet he would like to think of her as sitting, like a widow in a Sunday school story book, and telling little children what a fine man grandpa was, how strong he was, how brave, how considerate, how he scorned a

kind put an end to! Why, then, should not mankind rejoice at the greatest piece of news ever circulated since the creation of the world? Had such a place been destroyed by some means demonstrable to human intelligence, the faith of mankind would have been redoubled by a miracle so vast and benevolent. But this is not what has taken place. Our theologians have merely ceased to insist on hades as an essential in their preaching. They have merely ceased talking about it. They do not preach it, although they will not admit that they doubt its existence. The people put their own construction on the silence of the clergy—they begin to tell each other that nobody believes in eternal torment any more. It were better that the theologians should face this thing out. They must either restore hell with all its dread power and fury, or they must preach away any remaining belief in it. They cannot hold sway over mankind if they leave men to believe what they choose on this subject. The church must lead or lose leadership. If men are left to their own resources they are encouraged to decide, if they choose, that there is no punishment after death, and they are likely to abandon all else of their inherited faith. If the preachers of to-day do not believe in the hell that was so circumstantially described to us in our childhood, they can't keep their secret, hold their peace, and retain their hold over men's minds. If they would govern the minds of men, they must believe what they preach, and preach all that they believe.

The preacher has about the most difficult job that any man can get into. He must hurry from the mirth of a wedding to the gloom of a funeral. He must visit the incurably sick, and be moved to pity by the quiet resignation of the invalid; he must call next door and be stirred to contempt by the selfish complaints of another who needlessly makes a whole family circle miserable. If he rejoices with those who laugh, some on-looker judges him to be heartless; if he carries with him the sombre atmosphere of the dismal scenes he passes through, men say of him that he makes his religion grim and uninviting. If he moves about in the crowded places where men are, some say he is worldly. If he does not so move about, others demand to know how such a man can pretend to know anything of life. In his congregation he has all sorts of people. Some want him to preach sermons full of human interest, sermons that will be applicable to the warm life of to-day. Others want him to expound old texts and hammer the sound doctrines of the church into a frivolous generation. Some want revival meetings; others will leave the congregation if anything of the kind be introduced. Some want a choir of paid singers; others will not countenance the introduction of mercenary praise-makers. To be a preacher—to have five hundred masters all nagging at him, and nearly all his inferiors in education, natural ability and grace—must be about the most trying position that any sensitive man can find himself in. Nothing could make his position bearable, unless he should be a man never troubled with a doubt about all and everything that the pulpit stands for.

PERHAPS the best plan that could be adopted in securing loan pictures in Europe for the Canadian National Exhibition would be to send two men across the pond to inspect, select, and borrow paintings, one man a skilled painter, the other an experienced showman. The Fair is now great enough, the loan pictures arouse interest enough, to warrant the sending of two men on this important mission, each year. If the job were left wholly to a showman, he might come home some day with a car-load of freak pictures that would set all the art lovers in Canada laughing. If the job were left wholly in the hands of an artist, he might bring back a score of pictures so subtly fine that none but trained lovers of art could appreciate them. The loan exhibit at the Fair is mainly for the people, and yet while the paintings should interest the public, they should satisfy the demands of those who make a study of art. Two men could be sent on this errand—one of our best artists to select suitable paintings, and a showman to approve the choice made and to supply the cheek to ask for and get the loan of them. It is improbable that any showman could make a wise choice of pictures unaided, and it is equally improbable that any artist would have gall enough to seek to borrow paintings that he really regarded as masterpieces. Although he might, if furnished with letters, muster up courage to ask for the loan of a fine picture, he would feel in his heart that the request was preposterous. To get these pictures down off the walls they belong to, requires the agency of a man who regards the Canadian National Exhibition as greater than Art. The securing of these pictures is a job for two men, one a judge of a painting's merit, the other a judge of its suitability as a show picture, and capable of talking its owner into parting with it for a few weeks. But it is not a showman's job.

WHEN anybody for a first time hears three or four half-drunken men in a bar-room or in a shut-me-tight apartment near by, discussing religion, denouncing shams and hypocrisies, censuring the churches for their failure to uplift humanity, and assuring each other, to the clinking of glasses, that their views are sound and admirable, and that the world would be better if more people saw things as they do, the effect tickles one's sense of humor. The parties to the discussion are so owlishly wise, so scornful of humbug, so fully in agreement with each other, and so entirely at variance with the hollow pretences of the age in which they live—that a clergyman who should by chance overhear them would be astonished to find so deep a concern for religion moving men under such circumstances. Lowery's Claim was a little paper published at Nelson, B.C., and every issue was smart and full of surprises. It has been denied the use of the Canadian mails by the Postmaster-General, I do not precisely know why, and the editor writes that he does not know, either, and nobody in authority will deign to tell him. After being denied the use of the mails, Lowery has got out a farewell issue, which he has sent out in sealed envelopes, and he makes the guess that his paper was suppressed because his views on theology were not approved by some Bishop or other. Perhaps he is right. At any rate, his paper never could leave religion alone, and it seemed to be the organ of the bar-room debaters on Christianity. You could almost



living according to his bare needs, reading old letters, looking through old photograph albums, watching the life and action of the times passing up the road heedless of him. He would not have been left, as he left his wife, with children and relatives no longer dependent on him for anything, deprived suddenly in mid-life by a legal document, of all power to exercise generous impulses or to gratify the expectations of those perhaps long accustomed to favors. No doubt he would have remarried, within three years, some young and spirited woman, whose every whim he would have flattered at any cost, whose relatives he would have subsidized, and whose children he would have provided for much more handsomely than for those of his first family. It often happens that a young second wife will make an old skin-flint loosen up and squander money like a returned miner from the Klondike. He dances to unfamiliar tunes and pays the piper fancy prices.

In some parts of India wives used to perish on the funeral pyres of their husbands, and here we have men who, in making their wills, take the view that although their wives are not to be incinerated, they are to be given a status as women half dead from that day henceforth. It is a peculiar fact that it is generally the woman who, from her matrimonial experience, is least likely to ever have any desire to again put her neck in a yoke, that is precluded by her late husband's will from remarrying. As a rule, too, it is the giddy woman who gets all her husband's money without reservation of any kind. Yet, perhaps, these facts, when closely considered, are not so peculiar, either. The wife who is thoroughly tamed will, if consulted, consent to anything being put in a will that her husband deems necessary. But he probably neither consults nor considers her, having learned to take his own way, confident in her meek compliance. On the other hand, the man whose wife has kept him in hot water, humoring her whims, cannot, even when shut up alone with his law-

lie. He would like to think of her as his historian, his anecdotalist—in fact his living and loving human monument, keeping his memory green, and staving off for a while inevitable oblivion.

A WRITER in one of the magazines says that the preachers of the day, if they want to induce people to go to church, must introduce into their sermons more of the human interest that runs in such books as *In His Steps* and *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. People, not in the pulpit, have a variety of suggestions to offer the clergy in the matter of drawing people to church. They used to call it "bringing sinners to repentance," but times seem to have changed, and in cities especially the problem that confronts the preacher has changed a great deal. The difficulty now is not one of getting people who are in church to come forward to the penitent bench, but to induce people not in church to come in and take a pew. Perhaps it is only a coincidence, yet, it is interesting to notice that a great many people in Toronto ceased going to church soon after they quit believing in hell. It is curious how, without any pronouncement from an assemblage of wise men, or from any kind of ecclesiastical authority, the place of eternal torment has cooled down, lost its flaring light, its sulphurous smell, and, in the opinion of a great many people in Toronto, has ceased to be. No direct news has come to hand. Some quiet but powerful wave of opinion appears to have swept over the country—or rather over the cities—carrying with it the conviction that, after all these thousands of years, hades has been found out to be a myth. It may be remarked that the rumor was received with some eagerness. That was natural. Let us assume that for thousands of years there had been such a place, conducting its enormous, its gigantic, its roaring industry—engulfing half the human race, and holding them in conscious and endless torment. Let us assume that suddenly the ancient and terrible place had been obliterated, its fires quenched, its terrors removed, its vengeance on man-

fancy you heard the empty beer-mug pound the bar in applause of each paragraph about the immortality of the soul, or the cussedness of all those who make pretence of piety. It was the organ of the man who did not go home till morning, and came back as soon as he could. It was a paper for good fellows. It boasted the utmost unconcern whether school kept or not. Its creed seemed to be that he was the only true Christian who never cheated at cards and paid his losses without whimpering. It printed good stories, the kind men repeat and laugh over, but which the prudishness and hypocrisy of the age cause other newspapers not to print. Until his paper got going a funny story might roam along the Pacific coast and never get over to Toronto until a commercial traveller fell in with it and brought it across. His paper went at this cant and humbug, printed the story, and perfected the nation's news service. Yet he has had his unique publication suppressed, and a long-felt want again yawns as before. He should take his grievance to Parliament—the members used to pass marked copies of his paper about the smoking-rooms and enjoy them much. Mr. Lowery, the martyr to advanced ideas, states in his final number that he now quits, and I quote a fair sample of his style of editorial: "I will admit," he says, "in the days of long past that I have sometimes played a pair of sevens as if they were a set of fours, but in the real drama of life the role of the hypocrite did not appeal to my upper stoep. It always looked cowardly to me to play Judas under a Jesus mask. I could never rob the human race all week, and then square the sin by sitting in the front pew on Sunday and singing 'Jesus Pays It All.' Like some parsons who say that they have a call to preach the gospel, I also thought I had a call when I turned my *Claim* loose to reform the world. My financial sense told me that there was no money in it, especially in a sparsely settled country full of the enemy, but I could not resist the call even though many a friend said I would starve to death. However, all earthly things come to an end, and now I lay my pen down to sleep for several substantial reasons. The parsons say that I will be damned if I keep on; the post office has switched me onto a side-track, and physicians say that I have a 'flat wheel' concealed within my internal anatomy. So it is up to me to hike away to the land where the sun gives a continuous performance, and let the weeds of graft, fear, and superstition choke the flowers of truth in this glorious but bigoted Canada of Laurier's until liberty is dead and the slaves are dancing at its grave while their chains make sweet music for the theological, political, and capitalistic grafters who sit on the cushions and murmur a prayer to their kind of a god." But let us hope that Liberty, after all, is not yet sodded in her grave. There still is hope while Mr. Lowery can print his paper and mail copies in sealed envelopes, paying three cents postage. Who would not, in the cause of Liberty, pay extra postage?

THE perils of oratory have been commented upon very often. In reading the published report of the eloquent speech delivered by Mr. W. F. Cockshutt, M.P., at the Congress of Chambers of Commerce in England recently, one of these perils was encountered in the form of a mixed metaphor. Mr. Cockshutt was at his best, and was frequently interrupted with applause and cheers. He compared an imperialist to a pillar upholding the Empire. Such a man, he declared, was "like an isolated pillar in a deserted plain, fighting almost single-handed for the integrity of the Empire." An isolated pillar that would fight single-handed would be a curiosity that Manager Orr should place on view at the Exhibition. But even supposing that a pillar could fight, one is still baffled when he attempts to imagine what it would be that an "isolated pillar" situated in a "deserted plain" could possibly find to fight with. The very most it could do would be to punch holes in the wind. However, the greatest of orators have given inanimate objects stunts quite as difficult as Mr. Cockshutt gave to his lonely pillar in the desert.

Hurry Call for Bride.

EVERY summer, when the coast of Labrador is fairly free and vessels can approach that foggy and forbidding country, the Bishop of Newfoundland makes a trip as far north as the ice permits. He finds much to do in giving comfort and counsel, christening the infants that have been born during the winter, preaching funeral sermons, and uniting the betrothed, who await him at the fishing stations.

Landing at the Seal Islands not long ago, says *Youth's Companion*, he found an assemblage clad in its level best at the house of the "king," or leading factor, for the king, having buried four wives, had resolved to take a fifth, and he had gathered the neighbors to witness his joy in the acquisition.

There are not many neighbors in Labrador, but there were enough in this instance to fill both rooms of his house. When the bishop had been warmed and welcomed, and was prepared to speak the words that would fill the Seal Islands with rejoicing, he discovered that the union was impossible, because the bride and bridegroom were too nearly related.

"The Church forbids this match," he declared, and great was the sensation. The bride sank down in tears of mortification and temper, and the bridegroom scratched his head in bewilderment. Something had to be done, and quickly, for it might be a year before a clergyman appeared on that coast again.

"Oh, well, there's plenty of others," said the king, brightening as he surveyed his guests. He turned to a woman in the company, and asked, "Will you have me, Lizzie?"

"Not for a gift!" exclaimed the guest, indignantly. "Will you have me, Jane?"

"Not if you were the last man on th' Labrador."

"How for you, Moggart?"

"Never."

The king looked ruefully over the wedding party and, spying the cook at the far side of the room, marched over to her resolutely, seized her by the arm, saying, "Come along, Sue, you'll do!" dragged her, none too willing, before the Bishop, and they were married.

A Warning to Dumpers.

Scarcely a week passes now, says *Canada*, but some English magistrate is called upon to disabuse the public mind of the idea that Canada is a place where criminals of all classes can be dumped with the greatest impunity. Inferentially, may be, there is a compliment bound up in the notion of the Britisher that Canada has the power to work a universal regeneration, but unfortunately theory and practice are two vastly different things. It is not among the first offenders that the detective seeks for the perpetrator of the most daring burglary, and it is almost useless in the same way to expect criminals to grow wings immediately they touch Canadian soil. Healthful



THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENT.

"If so be as it is, Williyum, it is; an' if so be as it ain't, it ain't."

"Aye, aye, Jarge. Oi allus said as yur was a deep 'un, oi did."—*Tailor.*

surroundings and hard work can do much to correct minor faults of character, but the sort of man it has been found necessary in the past to deport across the seas has hardly been of the class to give much hope of rehabilitation. They are of the kind who fill the saloons and loaf around until Satan finds more mischief for their idle hands, and they become a nuisance and often a terror to all with whom they come in contact. Therefore, Canada has a perfect right as well as a duty to her citizens to refuse any longer to harbor the wastrels of the Old Country, and the Dominion is grateful to those justices of the peace who are taking so fair and public-spirited a view of the situation. It would indeed be a hardship if Canada were compelled to deal with British undesirables in addition to those from the States and elsewhere, who have notoriously abused the freedom of her institutions.

Individualities.

Charles Dana Gibson is seeking a studio in Paris, after a tour of the great art galleries of Italy and Spain. It is said he acknowledged being a sufferer from homesickness, and would have returned to America but for the persuasion of friends.

Lord Walsingham, who is not only an entomologist of renown and a member of many learned societies, but an enthusiastic sportsman, has just celebrated his sixty-third birthday. Merton Hall, Lord Walsingham's seat in Norfolk, England, is a well-known sporting property; but a quite different interest attaches to it as being the place where the babes in the wood were really done to death by a wicked uncle.

William Pinckney Whyte, United States Senator from Maryland, who has just passed his eighty-second milestone, is a unique figure in "American" politics. He has never been inside a saloon, never smoked, and never rode in a cab. He framed the instrument on which the unique government of the District of Columbia is founded. Twice chosen United States Senator, he has also been Governor, mayor, State Senator, State representative, city solicitor, Attorney-General, and State comptroller.

A cable to the New York *Sun* from Constantinople says the Sultan is suffering seriously from Bright's disease. The Sultan is usually succeeded by his eldest surviving brother. The nominal heir now is Mohammed Reshad, who is in his sixty-second year, and is two years younger than the Sultan. He has lived obscurely, to which fact he probably owes his life. Other candidates supported by the palace clique include the Sultan's eldest son, Mohammed Selim, who is thirty-six years of age.

Sir Henry Hozier, who has just retired after thirty-two years' service as secretary of Lloyd's, said not long ago that the blackest day he could remember was in October, 1881, when 108 vessels were posted as lost in twelve hours. Colonel Hozier is a Scotchman, and started his career in the artillery, subsequently exchanging into the Life Guards. He was a war correspondent throughout Prussia's campaigns with Austria and France, nearly losing his life in the former campaign by a spent bullet.

Bordentown, N.J., once kept distinguished company. The ex-king of Spain and Naples, Joseph Bonaparte, lived there for sixteen years upon a magnificent plantation called Pointe Breeze, now vanished from the world of real estate. Lake Villa is still standing, where Bonaparte's daughter dwelt with her husband, Prince Charles of Canino and Musignano, and Linden Hall is in good preservation, where another prince lived, Charles Lucian Murat, nephew of the Napoleons, whose wife taught boarding school in Bordentown.

At Tallulah Falls, Georgia, Louis Boris Magid, a German by birth, an Italian by descent, and an American by choice and adoption, owns 3,500 acres of land, on which he has planted more than 200,000 mulberry trees, which are now from three to five years old, and which are designed for the feeding of millions of silk worms. Mr. Magid has proved that silk can be produced as cheaply in America as in any other country, and that the \$100,000,000 or more expended annually for foreign silks might just as well be kept at home.

Royal favor in England and Norway bids fair to revive a diversion that had nearly lost attraction for the many. Queen Maud, of Norway, has just ordered two new bicycles from London, on which she proposes to make a tour of her new kingdom. She thus exemplified the constancy of the British royal family in their tastes, in contrast with the fickleness of fashionable society. Cycling was unanimously dropped by society several years ago, after a craze that had made Battersea Park, with its cycle track, a serious rival to Rotten Row. But

the English princesses have never grown tired of cycling. The Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife) and Princess Victoria take regular spins on their wheels, and the pastime has been taken up with great enthusiasm by little Princess Victoria Mary of Wales.

Miss May Sutton, the United States tennis crack, who has returned from England, is reported as attributing her defeat by Miss Douglass to lack of form when the championship match was played. The newspapers, from New York to Pasadena, her Californian home, claim that if Miss Sutton had not overworked herself by constant play from the time she landed in England until the day she met Miss Douglass, as well as wining and dining constantly, she would have retained the international championship. The United States papers can never admit gracefully the defeat of any son or daughter of Uncle Sam's domain. They lack restraint, which seems to be also what Miss Sutton lacked herself. Standing in the calcium light for a protracted period is pleasant, but it is not conducive to first-class tennis.

"The astute men who, for their own purposes, are pushing W. R. Hearst forward as a candidate for Governor of New York," says the New York *Evening Post*, "are enjoying their seeming success. The clever intriguers who first got hold of the rich young millionaire and induced him to make his plunge into journalism, had no idea of anything more than a local sensation. But presently they began to prick up their ears, as local success came. Having thrilled the slums of New York, why not move on to conquer a national notoriety? So the Hearst Trust flew at the highest game, and in 1904 actually attempted to buy in the presidency. It is really capitalizing a mere name, a myth. 'William Randolph Hearst'—it is only a sort of trade mark. Concerning the real man, as little as possible is allowed to escape. His whereabouts no one seems to know. He glides in and out of the shadow like a stage conspirator. In Congress, he was scarcely seen; never spoke and seldom voted. His opinions are not known, nor the source of them. No one supposes that he even sees half the stuff that is published in his name. Yet it is this faint and elusive personality, this man who gives every sign of being a rich puppet in the hands of promoters using him for their own objects, who gives his name to the Trust."

Special Numbers.

The Hamilton *Times* has just issued a very handsome special number dealing with the commercial, manufacturing, and financial interests of the "Ambitious City," or, as the *Times* calls it, the "Electric and Natural Gas City of Canada." The issue, which is very smart in appearance, being most tastefully printed and bound, is full of interesting information regarding one of Canada's most interesting cities, and is lavishly illustrated.

An exceedingly attractive booklet, from the presses of the Cornwall *Freeholder*, issued as a souvenir of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Counties, in commemoration of the recent Old Boys' reunion at Cornwall, has reached SATURDAY NIGHT. Those who know Cornwall chiefly as the home of "Charlie" Young of the *Freeholder*, and of the famous "Factory Town" lacrosse club, would be surprised, by perusing this souvenir number, to see what a fine place it is. The matter, arrangement, and letterpress of the booklet are good, and the illustrations are numerous and well printed.

Chief Louis Gord, of the Nanaimo tribe of Indians, is, we are told, going to explore the interior of Vancouver Island to see whether the ancient legend is true that Redskins were wont to use bullets of gold in their muskets. The following is his statement: "There's a story handed down from generation to generation in my tribe that somewhere about the center of the island there is a small fall on a little stream, and that over this fall gold descends all the time. Out of the gold the Indians used to collect there they made golden bullets, little realizing the value of the precious stuff with which they hunted their daily bread. When a small boy I remember seeing a golden bullet cut out of the hide of a deer that was killed by a white man's lead bullet at Alberni. The presence of the golden bullet proved that the animal had been hit but not slain years before. My countrymen generally believe in the story of the golden river." Search has been made in years past for this waterfall of gold, but without success.

An investigation by the Belgian Government of the theft of leather mail bags in the Congo Free State disclosed the fact that natives in the postal service took them, cut out the bottom and gave them to their wives to be worn as clothing.

A Silver Example

The price for one of our beautiful 4-piece Sterling Silver Coffee Sets is just \$25 less than other city jewelers ask for it. There is no difference between them in weight or design or quality. They are both from the same die and the same maker. We are satisfied with 20 per cent. less profit than the others. That's all. But it's in your favor, isn't it? And this is another reason why you should be one of our customers.

We have the largest stock of Sterling Silver Tea Sets in Canada.

WANLESS & CO.

FINE JEWELERS

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Social and Personal

Miss Edith Atkinson, a young Chicagooan of much charm, is expected next Monday, on a visit to Mrs. Duncan Donald, 74 Elm avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie George and their family are back from Tadousac.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Cassels have returned from Canada.

Mrs. Perceval Ridout and her son and daughter are leaving to-morrow, to return to England. Mrs. Ridout has been out for a very short visit, and is looking exceedingly well, as all her friends have remarked. Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn returned from Quebec last week, and so did Mrs. Kingsmill, wife of the commanding officer of H.M.S. *Dominion*.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee is back from Penetang and Le Roy, and with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Selwyn, and her babies, is settled for the winter at her home in Madison avenue. Good news of gratifying promotion greeted Major Selwyn on his return to duty in India, which occurred last month.

Rev. and Mrs. Patterson of Embro were in town for a few hours on Tuesday. Mrs. Patterson was scarcely recognizable, so great and satisfactory a change has been brought about in her health by the Muskoka air. Mrs. Patterson is down the St. Lawrence for a short visit to friends.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ross, of Winnipeg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Campbell, in Richmond street.

Mr. Reginald Geary, Dr. Hardy, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Alan Magee, and one or two other congenial spirits, have returned from a delightful holiday spent in canoeing.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton and her sister, Mrs. Hay, were in town this week, the latter on her way home by the *Tunisian*, which sailed yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will go west on Tuesday, the former to do some shooting, and the latter to visit her sisters. They have much enjoyed the summer at their country place, Glen Leven, Lorne Park, and will again reside this winter in St. Joseph street.

One of the out-of-town August weddings of interest to Toronto society was that of Mr. Robert G. Ridout and Miss Frances G. Taylor, of Kingston, which took place in New York at the Church of the Transfiguration, Rev. G. C. Houghton officiating. Mr. Robert Ridout is a son of the late Walter Ridout, and a brother of Captain Fred Ridout of the Imperial service, and Mr. Lionel Ridout, of Toronto.

Sir William and Lady Mulock returned from their country place at Newmarket last week.

The first September wedding took place at eight o'clock on Monday evening, in All Saints' Church, when Canon Arthur Baldwin, the Rector, performed the ceremony which deprived Toronto of one of her fair daughters. The bridegroom is a resident of Basseterre, St. Kitts, British West Indies, Mr. Donald Kirkston MacWilliam, and the bride, Miss Mary Durand Oldright, second daughter of Dr. William Oldright, of Oakleigh, Carlton street. The church was decorated with large hydrangeas and stately palms, and the organist, Mr. Fairclough, played very beautiful wedding music. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Josephine Oldright, and brought in and given away by her father. She wore a lovely bridal robe of lustrous satin, with trimmings of Maltese lace, which was fastened in cascades with pearls on the front of the gown, and draped on the bodice. The orthodox tulle veil and coronet of orange blossoms and lily of the valley, with a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley, and a bracelet, the gift of the groom, completed what all agreed was a charming ensemble. The Rector's gift, an ivory-backed prayer-book, was also carried by his young parishioner with the assurance of his hearty good wishes. The attendant maid wore white silk, sun-pleated, and trimmed with Irish point, a touch of color being lent by the wreath of pink roses on her hair and the pink sashes tying her nosegay of pink roses. Mr. Laurence Whittemore, of Chicago, was best man, and the ushers were Dr. A. J. Mackenzie, Dr. Silverthorne, Mr. Percy Blachford, and Mr. Murray Whittemore, of Chicago. After the ceremony a reception was held at Oakleigh, which was en fête with flowers and lights for the happy hour. Dr. and Mrs. Oldright received in the drawing-room, Mrs. MacWilliam, mother of the groom, being with them. The refreshments, which were most complete and recherche, were served in the dining-room, while upstairs was a very treasure house of lovely presents. Mr. and Mrs. MacWilliam are spending the honeymoon in Canada, and will return to Toronto for a farewell visit before leaving for the south. The bride went away in a checked taffeta frock and black *crin* hat with forget-me-nots and roses.

The many Toronto friends of Miss Annie Michie are vastly interested in the news of her engagement. Mr. Cantley, of Winnipeg, is the lucky man, of all the Western cavaliers who have made the Toronto girl's visit to the West such a happy one, to win her. He is a nephew of Lord Mount Stephen, is well endowed with this world's goods, and, I am told, will be in town next month. Miss Michie is visiting Mrs. Frank Polson, in Rosedale, since her return from the coast.

The engagement of Miss Essy Case, only daughter of Mr. George A. Case, and Captain Van Straubenzie, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, has been the occasion of many good wishes being offered to the young people. Each has a large circle of friends here and elsewhere, who are delighted with the news, for both are very popular.

Colonel William Smith of Stratford is spending a few days in town this week.

Miss Daisy Symons has returned from a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hessin, in Stratford.

Miss Elsie Thorold, of Stratford, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Davidson, who, with Dr. Davidson, and Miss Mary, sail for England on the 15th from New York. Dr. and Mrs. Davidson are placing their daughter in school at Highgate, Hampstead.

On a camping, fishing, and canoeing trip in the Beauce, Kippurah District, Quebec, Dr. W. R. Patton, a temporary resident of our city, had the unusual luck to meet, and kill, a black bear. Bruin measures 7 feet

from snout to claws of hind legs, and 5 feet 3 3/4 inches from snout to tail, 4 feet 10 3/4 inches across the chest and fore paws, and is in evidence as an old fellow who has long roamed the northern wilds. His friends will be pleased to hear of his success.

Mr. and Mrs. Rochereau de la Sabliere and their family have returned from a visit of considerable duration in Paris, and are again at La Futaie, their home in Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman and Miss Cornelia Heintzman have returned from Germany.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Genevieve Hunter, Peterborough, daughter of the late Dr. J. B. Hunter, and niece of the Hon. J. R. Stratton, to Mr. Harold Deeks Robertson, son of Mr. Henry Robertson, Morrisburgh. The marriage is to take place in October.

Miss Ethel Bilkey, only daughter of Rev. R. A. Bilkey and Mrs. Bilkey, 212 Jones avenue, was married in St. Clement's Church, at half-past two on Wednesday afternoon, to Mr. S. R. Wilkinson, of Bermuda, eldest son of Mr. J. I. Wilkinson, M.P. Rev. Canon Cody, M.A., D.D., LL.D., performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. R. A. Bilkey, father of the bride, and Rev. C. L. Bilkey, B.A., of St. James', Kingston, brother of the bride. Mr. P. E. Bilkey, the bride's brother, brought her in. She wore a gown of white silk taffeta, trimmed with Brussels net and sequins, and carried a lovely bouquet of bridal roses, with a wedding veil and orange blossoms. Miss Amy Nicholls, of Ottawa, as maid-of-honor, wore a hand-embroidered gown of white eolienne, a white-plumed picture hat, and carried a bouquet of pink sweet peas. Mr. Guy J. Bilkey, brother of the bride, was groomsmen, and Mr. A. Allen and Dr. A. H. Rolph were ushers. During the signing of the register, the duet, "Love Divine," was sung by Miss Lamont and Rev. C. L. Bilkey. Mr. Sargent, organist of St. Clement's, rendered appropriate music. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, for intimate friends. Mrs. Bilkey, mother of the bride, wore black grenadine over white silk, with toque to match, and carried pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson left on the 6.10 train for New York, en route for Bermuda, where they will reside. Mrs. Wilkinson travelled in a charming tailor-made costume of cream serge with touches of mauve, and wore a mauve hat to match. Many beautiful presents were received from friends in Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, England, and Bermuda. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl and sapphire ring, to the maid-of-honor a sunburst of pearls, to the best man gold studs and links, and to the little ring-bearer, Master Arthur Bilkey, a prayer-book. Among those invited to the wedding were Rev. Canon and Mrs. Cody, Rev. J. and Mrs. Bushell, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rolph, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Adam, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Wilkinson of Bermuda, Mrs. William Nicholls and Mr. Rupert Nicholls of Ottawa, Miss Hill of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Tamblin, and Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Edsall, and others.

Mrs. Edwin H. Kellogg is with her mother, Mrs. Joseph Henderson, 155 Crescent road, and will receive with her on Monday, September 10, and the following Monday.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Cherry, of Galt, and Mr. Charles Herbert Betchel, of Waterloo, will be celebrated on Wednesday next at four o'clock in Trinity Church, Galt.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Collingwood McLeod have taken an apartment in Spadina Gardens. General and Mrs. Otter have also a cosy flat there. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard MacMurray are also domiciled there for the winter.

The marriage of Mr. Redmond Delamere Black, of the Dominion Bank, Seaford, son of Mrs. Davidson Black (nee Delamere), of Anderson street, and Miss Mary Grace Sheppard, eldest daughter of Mr. Saxton T. Sheppard, of Westmoreland avenue, was celebrated on Saturday morning in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Ven. Archdeacon Hill, uncle of the groom, assisted by the rector, Rev. Anthony Hart, officiating. The slight, fair haired girl- bride looked very dainty and sweet in a Princess gown of chiffon embroidery mounted on taffeta, with a handsome Duchess lace bertha, and the orthodox veil and orange blossoms. Miss Elsie Gray and Miss Winifred Hart were bridesmaids, and wore white Liberty silk gowns, with lace trimmings, tulle veils, and wreaths of rosebuds. Their bouquets were of pink asters. Miss Isobel Sheppard was flower girl in a pink muslin frock. Mr. Harry Grantham was best man, and Mr. Harry Strathy and Mr. Harold Sheppard were the ushers. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard held a reception at the family residence, the hostess wearing a costume of Dresden silk, and a hat trimmed with roses. Archdeacon Hill has several times visited Toronto to officiate at the marriage of his relatives; the last time previous to Saturday's ceremony he performed the same pleasant duty for a very happy pair, Mr. Harry Strange and Miss Eva Delamere. Many handsome presents were given to Miss Sheppard on her marriage, and heartiest good wishes, as she has always been a lovable and popular girl.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lilian May Kirkpatrick, Lowther avenue, daughter of the late Richard Howat Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Ashmead Gray Rodgers, of Niagara Falls, N.Y. The marriage will take place very quietly in the latter part of October.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kyle announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret Isabel, to Mr. Sidney H. R. Howard. The ceremony took place on Tuesday, September 4, in Morningside Church, Swansea. Mr. and Mrs. Howard will be at home on Thursday and Friday, October 18 and 19, at 170 University avenue.

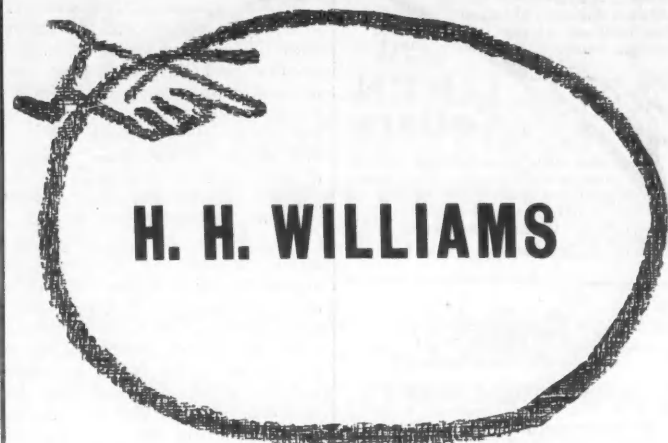
Mr. and Mrs. Lauder, of Durham, were in the city this week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lorne Somerville.

Mrs. Stewart Playfair is enjoying a visit from her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Scott of Hagarstown, Maryland.

Miss Aileen Gooderham is back from Minnicog. Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie and Mrs. and Miss Coates have also returned from Minnicog.

The Queen City Yacht Club are holding their annual regatta and At Home next Saturday afternoon at half-past two o'clock in their club-house, Lake street.

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The emphasis of all our advertising is to encourage the notion that we have better facilities than anyone for getting just what you want in real estate, and disposing of any property you may have for sale. Our reputation and experience are based on doing things right, and considering the interests of customers on a par with our own. Just at present we're offering special inducements in the line of high-class residences and can make it distinctly worth your while to buy quickly. Shall be pleased to hear from anyone at all likely to be interested in buying a home.

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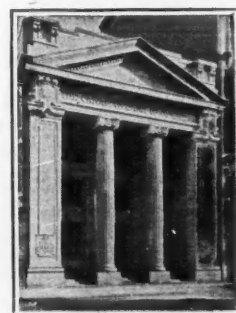
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Collars made of Irish linen and sewn so laundering cannot change their shape. They wear almost too well, they're out of style before they're worn out.

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ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 96, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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Robt. B. Henderson, 48 Canada Life Bldg.
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J. S. Back, 704 Temple Bldg.
Mrs. Adalyn K. Pigott, 102 Bloor St. East.
Georgene W. A. Cook, 109 College St.
P. P. Millard, D. O., 111 Confederation Life Bldg.

A ROYAL MOTOR CAR COMMISSION

WHAT is declared by one of the London papers to be "one of the most sensible, judicial, and practical documents ever issued by a Royal Commission," has been made public in England. It is a report covering a thorough inquiry into the various questions connected with the use and abuse of what Americans call "automobiles" and Europeans term "motor-cars." The commission, which worked under the auspices of royal favor, included such eminent persons as Lord Selby, Sir E. R. Henry, chief commissioner of police, and Mr. Munro of the Home Office. Comprehensive as it is, the report is not bulky, covering only forty large pages. The London Daily Chronicle says of it:

"The report of the Royal Commission on Motor Cars ought to have as large circulation as a popular novel. It costs only ninepence, and there is hardly any aspect of automobilism, so far as concerns the relations between the motorist and the public, which it does not most carefully discuss, or on which, in most cases, it does not present all the essential facts. Its appendix on foreign roads, by Captain Bigham, its secretary, is alone worth far more than its cost."

There is in England a law making the speed limit twenty miles an hour, and the commission recommends that this be abolished, offering arguments which may be inferred from this paragraph:

"The enforcement of the twenty-mile limit insures the conviction of some who, though they may be breaking the law, are not, in fact, endangering the public. We think that the object of the law should be not to punish speed, because it is speed, but because and where it is dangerous or otherwise injurious to the public."

It is simply proposed that motorists in future shall be charged with driving "to the common danger." This, it is believed, will commend itself to the public, which may be better protected than before, and also to all motorists save those of the "road-hog" variety. Some of the lesser recommendations are:

"A twelve-mile speed limit in towns, villages, and at dangerous places.

"Stopping in case of accident or damage to be more severely enforced.

"Smoke and excessive noise to be offences."

Increased taxation of motor-cars on a graduated scale is recommended, with a maximum charge of eight guineas a year, and this provision is criticized, one editorial writer suggesting a guinea extra for each horse-power represented above ten. The use of the money raised by such taxes is discussed with notable fairness:

"It is recommended that the sums be handed to some central department to be appropriated by it in aid of the local cost, not of ordinary road repair, but in the creation of more durable and less dusty roads, and in the first place, upon the main arteries of traffic."

The proposed new law will be urged in Parliament next year, and no little interest may be anticipated, in view of the prospects outlined by the Chronicle:

"Mr. Burns, in whose hands this will be, will of course attach great weight to such a report as this, and as he will certainly act without either favor or fear, motor-car owners (who have increased by 80 per cent. in sixteen months!) may reasonably hope to be placed before long on the same footing as other citizens, and be, like them, liable to punishment when they offend, not against a fancy disability, conceived in error and enforced in prejudice, but against the rights of their fellow-citizens."

Motor-car owners, however, share a public disfavor which the *Pall Mall Gazette* shows has been earned by another of engine-driven vehicles:

"The extent to which the motor-bus has multiplied the perils of the London streets is shown with startling clearness in the new official returns. All the ordinary motor-cars and motor-cycles put together produced 1,115 accidents in May and June, of which 347 led to personal injury and 8 proved fatal. The motor-bus by itself caused 790 accidents, of which 142 involved injury to the person, and 5 had fatal results. The motor-bus has thus made a huge addition to the number of street casualties, and one which, in proportion to its numbers, must be called simply intolerable. There were only 777 heavy motor vehicles in London on June 1 (that figure including motor-vans as well as motor-buses), compared with 10,826 motor-cars, and the numbers given above show that every individual motor-bus is involved in an accident more than six times a year upon the average."

Shoes Made by Tolstoi.

"These shoes were made by Tolstoi, the Tolstoi, the greatest literary genius of the age."

The shoes, framed in oak, hung over the mantel—a coarse pair of cowhides, with hob nails. The speaker, who was a famous manufacturer of shoes, went on:

"When I was in Russia I visited Tolstoi. I told him of my admiration for his books, and I waivered him at his cobbler. He works, you know, three or four hours a day on the bench."

"I found that he worked too slowly to make a living as a shoemaker. Furthermore, I found that he would have been incapable of turning out dress shoes. The coarse, heavy boot of the peasant was all Tolstoi was equal to, and, although he labored fiercely—for he wanted, of course, to show off before an experienced shoemaker like me—I had to tell him that he'd have difficulty in getting a journeyman's job anywhere."

"Tolstoi presented me with the pair of boots over the mantel, and I presented him with some money for his poor. I also taught him a quicker way to waxend a thread than the old-fashioned one he used."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Ancestral Memory.

THERE are few people who have not at times been startled by some vivid reminiscence, which has suddenly illumined their minds when visiting some entirely new locality, or while viewing some scene which they know they have never seen before.

The Rev. Forbes Phillips, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, suggests that such experiences are due to memory inherited from our ancestors.

"As I walk along a dark, lonely road, my ears are on the alert, I glance to right and left, I look over my shoulder. Where did I learn this habit? May it not be the memory disc giving off its record? My savage ancestor learned by long years of experience to be specially on his guard in a lonely place, and in the dark."

"When my indignation is thoroughly roused, I find my hands clench, there is a tightening of the lips, the teeth are more plainly visible, and the whole attitude is suggestive of making a spring. Here is a trait of

early man, who gathered himself together, and sprang upon his enemy to rend him tooth and claw.

"On one occasion I was with a companion in the neighborhood of Leatherhead, where I had never been before. The country was quite new to me and to my friend. In the course of conversation he remarked: 'They say there is part of an old Roman road somewhere round here, but I don't know whether it is on this side of Leatherhead or the other.' At once I said, 'I know,' and led the way with certainty in my mind that I knew where we should find it, which we did; and there was the feeling that I had been on that road before, riding, and that I had worn armor. Such incidents have caused me from time to time to pursue this subject among my friends, and quite a number of them can quote similar experiences."

Mr. Phillips quotes this story in support of his theory of inherited memory:

"To the west, three and a half miles from where I live, is a Roman fortress in an almost perfect state of preservation. A clergyman called upon me one day and asked me to accompany him there for an examination of the ruins. He told me he had a distinct recollection of living there, and that he held some office of a priestly nature in the days of the Roman occupation. One fact struck me as significant. He insisted on examining a ruined tower which had bodily overturned. 'There used to be a socket in the top of it,' he went on, 'in which we used to plant a mast, and archers used to be hauled to the top in a basket protected with leather, from which they picked off the leaders among the ancient Gortestomians.' We found the socket he had indicated."

The Edwardses and the Jukes.

STATISTICS have rarely shown a more startling exhibit of contrasts than in that offered by the facts of two families, one notable and the other notorious—the Edwardses and the Jukes. In the *Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York) are given some facts which the editor believes have never before been given in print in such juxtaposition. We quote:

"In the pine woods of Norway Bay, Quebec, on July 24, 1906, it was our privilege to listen to an address by the Rev. J. A. Macfarlane (originator of the Norway Bay Summer Bible School), which contained some startling statistics on the subject of heredity and home training. The records of two notable families and their descendants were contrasted to show what results followed the rearing of children under favorable and unfavorable conditions—the one, bred in a Christian home, with educational advantages; the other, reared in an atmosphere of wickedness and neglect. Regarding one of these families, that of Jonathan Edwardses, the following facts were quoted by Rev. Mr. Macfarlane from an article by Dr. A. E. Winship, editor of the *Journal of Education* (Boston): 'The father of Jonathan Edwardses was a minister, and his mother was the daughter of a clergyman. Among the more than three hundred college graduates of the Edwardses family there were fourteen presidents of colleges, more than one hundred lawyers, thirty judges, sixty physicians, more than a hundred clergymen, missionaries, and theological professors, and about sixty authors, who have produced 135 books and edited journals and periodicals.' 'There is,' writes Dr. Winship, 'scarcely any great American industry that has not had one of his family among its chief promoters.' These eloquent figures may be said to represent the product of an American Christian family, reared under the most favorable conditions. The contrast is presented in the story of the 'Jukes family,' a family which could not be made to study and 'would not work.' Their entire record is one of pauperism and crime, insanity and imbecility. Among the descendants 310 were professional paupers, 400 were physically wrecked by their own wickedness, sixty were habitual thieves, 130 were convicted criminals, only twenty out of 1,200 descendants learned a trade (and ten of those learned it in the State prison), and, worse than all, this notorious family produced seven murderers."

Mme. Flammarion, the distinguished wife of her equally distinguished husband-astronomer, never allows any one to cut her husband's hair but herself, and she uses the shorn locks for pillows, says the *Argonaut*. Her home in Paris is full of such pillows stuffed with clippings. The Flammarions were married thirty years ago; therefore, taking the average time of a man's growth of hair between each cutting as three weeks, the treasured accumulation of over 500 haircuttings must make a goodly pile.

For a quarter of a century, so expeditious is the British method, freight has been collected in London late in the afternoon and delivered at the consignee's door anywhere south of Scotland the following morning. The great American roads send out four fast freight trains daily from New York; the London and Northwestern Railway sends out twenty-eight!



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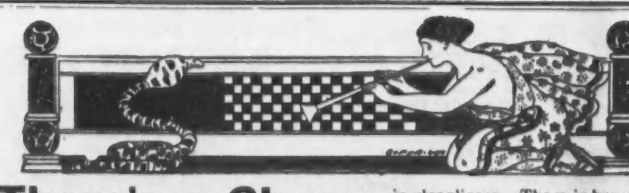
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TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



JOHN PATTERSON, Hamilton

THERE is no lack of confidence in money or trade circles in Canada. The resources of the country are being developed in a manner and with a confidence never before known. Possibilities are so great that outside capital is being attracted, and this expansion of commercial and agricultural interests will soon reach a development that the ordinary citizen could not have conceived of a few years ago. Visitors from Britain and from the United States have travelled through our Dominion in greater numbers this year than ever before, and many have and will continue to take a financial interest in the development in process. All kinds of questions as to our resources and possibilities are being eagerly sought, and at times the newspaper man is puzzled through a lack of material in a crystallized shape to answer intelligently many questions asked. This is not as it should be. While the Federal Government has improved the statistical department in many branches of trade and commerce, this country is far behind Great Britain and the United States in the compilation of reports for the guidance of business men and agriculturists.

Our Provincial Bureau of Statistics publishes occasional information which is very useful, but oftentimes it is so stale, and in some cases wide of the mark, that little reliance can be placed in the figures given. Then there is the city of Toronto, a growing city of industry. At one time Hamilton and Galt used to rank as manufacturing centres, and as far as we have positive knowledge, the manufactured product of these small places may be greater than the product of the factories here. Our new Commissioner of Industries may be able to give such returns as referred to, but we doubt it. It could hardly be expected of him, the office which he fills being so recently created. The Board of Trade, however, should be able to give statistics of such a character. The organization has been in existence over half a century. Little information of a statistical nature, however, is to be found there. Of course, a compilation of some sort could be worked up in a week or so from the Dominion census of five or six years ago, but it would be of no use; too ancient. It is absurd, and makes us look small, when we are unable to furnish the value and product of Toronto manufactures for the year 1905 in this ninth month of 1906. This is getting to be a big railway centre, but we make this statement at haphazard; the truth cannot be definitely stated. What were the receipts and shipments (of any product you might name) in Toronto by rail last year, or for that matter any year? How do prices of grain compare to-day with last year or any previous year? These simple and useful questions cannot be answered intelligently in Toronto for the simple reason that no records are kept.

We deny that Canadians are less enterprising and industrious than their neighbors, or the citizens of Great Britain. But, in "statistics" we are behind them, although ahead of them in many other matters. In trade and commerce, in agricultural pursuits, in the system we have for financing our business, and in the administration of our laws, Canada ranks high. Perhaps it is for the want of up-to-date statistical matter that many intelligent Canadians are prone to discuss trade matters with their neighbors, the other side usually getting the best of the argument. Canada has nothing to be ashamed of in a business way; far from it. But every intelligent citizen should be able to get concise and definite information concerning the different products and resources which go to make up the great domestic and foreign trades of this country.

The only feature in the local share market this week was C.P.R. It is at present selling ex-dividend of 3 Stocks. per cent., and including this dividend a new high record has been established. Speculation here, however, is very dull. No money on securities is obtainable under 6 per cent., which, of course, is a relatively high rate. While this rate continues it is generally admitted that the business on the Stock Exchange will not revive. It is different, however, on Wall Street. Money on call rose to 30 per cent., and yet stocks were active, some at high prices, and the list generally near the highest of the year; manipulation by powerful interests and cliques, no doubt to induce someone to buy their high-priced shares. A large number of the more conservative bankers and operators have already sold their securities. It is generally believed that the reported large purchases by foreign houses during the week represented chiefly a re-transfer of accounts to New York, because of the desire of London bankers to lessen the commitments in Americans.

The earnings of Canadian Pacific for the fourth week of August show an increase of \$423,000, and for Earnings. the month an increase of \$1,379,000. For two months gross earnings were \$11,979,000, an increase of \$2,713,000, as compared with the two months of last year. There is quite a large increase in the earnings of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. The increase for the six months ended June 30th has enabled the Government to pay the interest and sinking fund on the portion of the railway that is being operated. For the first six months of 1906 the total earnings were \$250,042; total operating expenses, \$143,734; total net earnings, \$106,308. The previous six months showed the net earnings to have been \$26,476.

The Toronto Railway Company continues to do a growing trade, the gross earnings for the month of August being \$285,836, which is \$35,000 greater than for August of last year. For the first eight months of the year the takings amounted to \$1,966,648, an increase of \$228,739. The price of the stock is quoted unchanged around 117. A large portion of the new capital subscribed will be put into roadbed and improvements. Twin City has also had exceptionally large earnings of late, but the stock does not move to any extent. On any little flurry in the price, the rumor of an increase in dividend is resorted to. The stock has sold from 109 1/2 to 122 this year, and the current price is about 115.

Recent applications for new capital, by railways, including St. Paul's request for \$25,000,000, New Capital. Northwestern's proposed \$100,000,000 stock issue, and Norfolk and Western's \$34,000,000 convertible bonds renews interest in the sub-

ject of the demands upon the money market already made this year. Between January 1 and the middle of February, bankers had perfected plans for floating \$400,000,000 new securities, compared with \$409,594,000 listed in the first six months of 1905, \$223,480,000 for the first half of 1904, and \$201,835,000 for the first half of 1903. Thus, provisions made during the first month and a half of this year largely exceeded the average issues for a half year. Since the middle of February, the list has been increased by \$780,000,000, not including small issues aggregating all of \$50,000,000. Applications for new capital during the eight months, amounting to \$1,180,391,000, compare with \$694,202,000 bond and stock listings for the twelve months of 1905, \$550,445,000 for 1904, \$364,459,000 for 1903, \$448,585,000 for 1902, \$649,708,000 for 1901, and \$444,228,000 for 1900. It should be added that, while all of the foregoing \$1,180,391,000 bonds and stocks have either been sold or are overhanging the money market, it is not at all likely that the new listings for 1906 will reach that figure.

Mr. Harriman, of the Union Pacific Railroad, told the stockholders, not long since, that he proposed to issue \$100,000,000 of preferred stock, and he proceeded to issue it; and no one but himself, and his clique, to this day knows the reason why this issue was made, says *Leslie's Weekly*. And so he fixed the dividend on Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, reaping enormous profits for himself, and leaving the stockholders out in the cold. Yet Mr. Harriman does not control, by ownership, the Union Pacific Railroad, nor do the Vanderbilts own control of the Vanderbilt lines, nor Mr. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania, which he dominates, nor Mr. Hill his Great Northern system, though he says to his shareholders that no matter how great his earnings, he does not propose to pay them more than seven per cent. annual dividends. Control of these great properties is centred in one or two men because a majority of the shareholders foolishly give their proxies to men whose first consideration is their own welfare and not that of the shareholders. The control of a great railroad or a great corporation means the control of its funds. All the passenger business of a railroad is done for cash. The man who controls the road controls its cash. He says where its cash shall be deposited, and he, therefore, controls the banks which handle the funds. If he needs money he can use the deposits of the banks, because he controls them also. Hence his mighty power in Wall Street. Hence the explanation of the fact that many of our greatest railroads and our great industrial corporations are not in the hands of practical men, but have at their heads financiers or lawyers with strong Wall Street connections. All this system is to be reversed. The signs are in the air, and the man who does not see them is short-sighted. The on-moving tide is getting beyond control, and it bids fair to sweep before it—as the insurance uprising did—the character, the reputation, and the fortunes of some of our foremost millionaires.

It seems clear, from statistics presented in the United States Congress at its last session, while the agricultural bill was under discussion, that, notwithstanding the increasing use of automobiles and the substitution of electricity for horse-power in street-cars and elsewhere, we are still a long way from the "horseless age." In fact, it appears that the equine tribe is increasing rather than otherwise. The aggregate of horses in the United States on January 1st, 1906, stood at 18,718,578, against 14,364,667 at the corresponding date of 1897. Their total value increased from \$452,649,396 in 1897 to \$1,510,889,906. This startling rate of increase in value is no more marked than that of mules, according to the same Government authorities. There were 2,215,654 mules in 1897 and 3,404,061 in 1906, and the values were respectively \$92,302,090 and \$334,680,520.

The world's wheat crop of 3,527,000,000 bushels is the largest ever grown. Last year's crop was 3,183,216,000 bushels, and there has been a steady advance since 1903, when the crop was 3,016,511,000 bushels. This year's crop is an increase of 344,000,000 bushels over last year's, and 432,000,000 bushels above that of 1904.

When the clearing up of San Francisco begins, says the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, that city will doubtless be the largest junk-market that this country has known. We have seen some huge estimates of the quantity of scrap iron, old copper, and other metals that may be recovered from the ruins. These estimates are largely of the character of speculations, which lend occasional excitement to the otherwise unromantic business of the junk-dealer. However, the quantity of old metals that will be obtained from San Francisco is undoubtedly very large. It is to be expected that at least an equivalent quantity, and we hope a much larger quantity, will eventually be returned to the city in the form of manufactured articles. Incidentally, the small metal-refining concerns, which buy their crude material from the junkmen, will doubtless have many interesting metallurgical problems such as the separation of mixtures of lead, tin, and spelter, melted together in the conflagration. These refineries often have such problems, and devise ingenious solutions, accounts of which would be interesting to the metallurgists who are familiar only with the preparation of the metal from virgin material.

The German pork shops are fitted up as gorgeously as saloons are in New York. Plate-glass windows, marble counters and shelving, hard-wood fittings, with much polished brass, prevail. The pig himself is dealt with decoratively. The plump and tender hams are so trimmed that the layers of fat and lean show to the best advantage. Loins and chops are grouped in porcine bouquets, while the ornamental effects of the sausages are never lost.

Two Swiss fire engines were dispatched from Bale to a warehouse fire in the German town of Huningue, just thirty yards over the Swiss frontier. Although the German engines were quite incapable of dealing with the outbreak, the German custom-house officials would not allow the Swiss firemen to cross the frontier, as "they had received no orders to that effect."

Italian cigars look like Pittsburg stogies, with bits of straw sticking out of them.

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NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office, in Toronto, and at the Branches, on and after Monday, the 1st day of October next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 29th of September, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
G. DE C. O'GRADY,
General Manager.
TORONTO, 28TH AUGUST, 1906.

Faultless

This describes both the food and the service in the new "Dutch Grill Room" recently opened at the St. Charles.

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For luncheon, dinner or after the theater. Open Sundays.

A CORNER OF THE GRILL ROOM.

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A Wrong Translation.
Senator Quay was fond of telling a story of an experience of his in a country hotel near Pittsburgh. Hanging on the wall in the parlor was an inscription, "Ici on parle Francais." The senator noted the sign, and turning to the landlord said: "Do you speak French?"
"No," the man replied, "United States will do for me."
"Well, then," said Quay, "why do you have that notice on the wall? That means 'French is spoken here.'"
"Well, I'll be blamed!" ejaculated the hotelkeeper. "A young chap sold that to me for 'God bless our home.'"
—Exchange.

A Model Salesman.
A millionaire shovel-maker, as he sat in the smoking-room of an Atlantic liner, said:
"I have been over to England trying to sell shovels to the British Government. I failed. I didn't sell a shovel. And a dead man named Jones was the cause of my failure."
"Jones was alive, very much alive, during the Battle of Waterloo. He sat on horseback near Wellington's tent. Wellington, seeing him there in civilian's dress, said angrily:
"Who are you?"
"I am a shovel salesman," said Jones, and I come here from Brussels to see the battle."
"Now you are here," said Wellington, "are you willing to carry a message for me to one of my generals? It will be a dangerous errand, but just now I have no one else to send."
"I'll carry your message," said Jones, and as for danger, one part of this battlefield is no more dangerous than any other part to-day."
"So Wellington gave him the message, and Jones delivered it, but failed to return. The Duke thought him slain, but one day, eight or nine years later, a man accosted the Duke in London.
"How do," said Wellington, shaking the man's hand warmly. "You saved two regiments of mine by the delivery of that message. Why didn't you return to me?"
"Jones said his horse had been killed

A Peculiar Saving.
"I see that the president of the Dressmakers' Association says that women's gowns will cost less than usual this year."
"Yes, my wife told me so yesterday. She thinks the saving will be enough to enable her to buy three or four extra gowns."—Cleveland "Plainedealer."

Amiability.
Bogg—Did he hurt himself when he fell downstairs?
Fogg—I think not. He died without making a sound. — "Harper's Weekly."



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Commanding the Battleship *Dominion*.

Social and Personal

Apropos of these hospitalities, it is strange that more mention has not been made of all the details of the presentations of plate, etc., which the ship received from the Canadian people. The first idea of so recognizing the tie between Canada and the *Dominion* was mooted by Captain Des Voeux in Toronto last year, and the notion of a popular subscription of twenty-five cents, which struck us for the first time, met with such a response as soon assured the originator of its acceptability. Mr. J. Kerr Osborne of Clover Hill, who was appointed chairman of the Presentation Committee, has been always most enthusiastic and devoted to the matter, and has done the lion's share of work in connection therewith. It was particularly disappointing to everyone, that owing to the death of her brother, Mrs. Osborne was prevented from being present at the gala day in Quebec, when their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. J. Kerr Osborne, Major Johnstone of Halifax, who made a presentation of a loving cup from that city, after Mr. Osborne had presented the all-Canada plate; Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, and Miss Davidson, of Toronto, were among those who enjoyed the occasion. Other Torontonians who were most anxious to go to Quebec for the presentation were kept at home by reason of hospitalities to the distinguished party of medical men who were here. The enthusiasm of those who did view the splendid ship (which is full of Canadian emblems, maple leaves used in decoration, and such like tributes to Canada), was most hearty. The silver articles presented were particularly admired by the officers, who will use the smoking paraphernalia constantly, and no doubt enjoy many a good draught on state occasions from the loving cup. The gunners whose names as victors in contests are to adorn the silver trophy shield will also receive the prize money accruing from part of the subscription fund, which is invested to that end. The members of the presentation committee who were on the dais erected on the quarter-deck on the 22nd, included Mr. J. Kerr Osborne, Colonel J. I. Davidson, Mr. Walter Beardmore, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, K.C., and His Worship the Mayor of Toronto. That brightest and prettiest of women, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, was an ideal hostess, and has won golden opinions everywhere the ship has visited and royally entertained the Canadian people. At Halifax, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Dalhousie, and Quebec, dinners, balls, and receptions were given on board, the ship being thrown open for days and thousands of visitors being courteously shown over it. Their interest and admiration made one regret that all the twenty thousand or more subscribers from ocean to ocean and every part of the Dominion could not have been similarly gratified. The increase of good feeling and interest shown by Canadians in the naval defences of the Empire, resultant upon this presentation from the public to the battleship, should gladden the hearts of Canadian Imperialists, and do much to arouse the wish for a closer bond with the Motherland.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore and Mrs. Charles Kingsmill returned from Quebec on Monday. The *Dominion* is now on her way to Bermuda, leaving a very pleasant memory of profuse hospitalities and great interest in the minds of the many hundreds of Canadians who have visited her since she arrived at Halifax last month.

Mrs. Michie, of St. George street, and her daughters, the Misses Sophy and Effie, are expected home today.

Mrs. Louis V. Rorke, who has been spending the vacation at Home Lea Cottage, Nepigon, has returned to her home, 199 Madison avenue.

Mrs. W. C. Matthews and the Misses Matthews, who have spent the summer at Minnicoganashene, have returned home.

Mrs. W. McCaskill Warden is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, on her way from De Grassi Point to Smith's Falls. Mrs. Warden, sr., has been entertaining her pretty daughter-in-law and grandchild at the former place.

Mr. Edward Bull, who has been abroad, was in Toronto for a flying visit last week. During his stay in Rome, Mr. Bull, who has a mania for collecting unique and ancient spectacles, presented His Holiness the Pope with a pair of glasses. His Holiness was most genial and pleasant to the young visitor.

A curious coincidence attending the reception of the *Dominion* and its officers was that several times the occurrence of a death in the family of some leading official interfered with their welcoming the visitors. In Halifax, Government House was closed and Lieutenant-Governor Fraser (formerly nicknamed the Guysboro

giant) was away from the city. Lieutenant-Governor Snowball and the Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island were each debarred by bereavements from appearing at any gay doings on the ship, and Mr. Osborne only remained in Quebec for the formal presentation, his brother-in-law having just recently died.

On Thursday last, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Abbey, London, the marriage of Miss Gladys Skellator Michie, formerly of London, Ontario, daughter of Mrs. T. Saxon Weld (formerly Mrs. John Michie) and Mr. Francis Journeaux Cleeve, son of Sir Thomas Cleeve, of Sunville, Limerick, Ireland, and nephew of Baron Aylmer, was celebrated with great eclat. The bride is a beautiful brunette, and was sumptuously gowned. Miss Lillian Cleeve, the groom's sister, was first bridesmaid, the Misses Ruby and Nello Michie, sisters of the bride, also attending her. After the ceremony a reception was held by Mr. and Mrs. Weld for the nouveaux maries, at Queen Anne Mansions, St. James' Park, S.W., where a distinguished party assembled and the dejeuner was elegantly served. Mr. and Mrs. Cleeve are spending their honeymoon in Ireland. Among those at this wedding were the Misses Fraser, of Stratford, who came over from Switzerland for the happy event.

Mrs. Phillips, of Queen's Park, and her young people have returned from Wistowe, the Phillips' summer place in Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie McInnes, Mrs. T. C. Patteson, and Miss Daisy Patteson returned this week from a month's tour by motor through the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat returned from England on the *Empress of Ireland*.

Although no large function has given society an opportunity to admire the wonderful changes made in the spacious residence purchased some time ago by Mr. Walter Beardmore, at the corner of College and St. George streets, many friends have remarked what an improvement has been made, and how wisely and ably the scheme has been carried out. The entrance now is placed on the east side of the house, and where the principal door used to be found is now a wide French window opening on a terrace and looking over a beautiful bit of turf, unbroken by the drive which formerly bisected it. The noble hall now seems twice as long, with its plate glass doors at the west end, and the deep portico and entrance to the east. There is no residence in town where a prettier dance could be given than in this new-old family home, and the hall floor is perfect for flying feet.

Mr. Byron E. Walker, Canadian Bank of Commerce, is out west on an inspection trip.

The marriage of Mr. J. J. Brignall and Miss Nettie Reed will be celebrated on Wednesday next, at the residence of Dr. J. W. Fletcher, College street and Euclid avenue.

Mr. Archie Sullivan has been spending his vacation with his people in Toronto. He is doing very well in New York, and has been professionally busy in Newport also.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Magee, daughter of Mr. Justice Magee, and Mr. Henry Clarence Skinner, of the 19th Punjab Regiment, India, was celebrated on Wednesday morning at the Central Methodist Church, Rev. Dr. Potts officiating. Miss Magee's wedding gown was of white lace over chiffon, and silk, and her veil was of tulle worn with a coronet of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of Bride roses and lily of the valley. Miss Alice Marshall, of London, and Miss Magee, sister of the bride, were her attendants, in pale green with white hats, and bouquets of sweet peas. Mr. Alan Magee was best man. A reception at the home of the bride's parents followed the ceremony, when Judge and Mrs. Magee welcomed a number of guests. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner are going out to India very shortly.

Mrs. J. T. Delamere, who has been on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Strange, and her son, Mr. Tom Delamere, returned to town on Wednesday. Miss Denison, who has been in Muskoka for the summer, also returned this week.

Mrs. and Miss Snow, of Detroit, were guests of Mrs. Walter Beardmore this week. During their holiday this summer, Miss Snow had the misfortune to burn herself very severely with gasoline, and only now is partially recovered from the injuries she suffered. She is a very pretty and vivacious little lady, and a most finished musician.

The air is full of the scent of orange blossoms this week. Engagements, soon to be followed by weddings, are being talked of on every hand; brides and grooms and white-ribboned gossamer are whisking to boats and trains every day. Beside the engagements already announced, it has been whispered in my ear that two more are ready to be told.

An unconscious funnygram was perpetrated by a young woman who was relating her experience in trying to ride a peculiar pony. She was in danger of a fall, as she graphically described, when, said she dramatically, "I remembered the mane." The roar of laughter which greeted her rather bewildered her for a second, but she soon joined in the mirth occasioned by her historic utterance.

Mrs. John W. Vivian, 142 Bloor west, and Miss Vivian are at home on each Friday this month.

Mr. Harry Grubbe is spending his holidays with his relatives, the family of the late Lieutenant-Governor Heath Haviland, Prince Edward Island.

The announcement of the engagement of Mr. John R. Bunting, of Winnipeg, son of the late Christopher Bunting, of Toronto, and Miss Ethelyn C. Steele, of Brantford, will interest Toronto friends.

Mr. Clement Beardmore came out from England for his vacation, the guest of Captain Kingsmill, on the battleship *Dominion*.

Miss Florence Charlotte Moore, of Kingston, sister of Mrs. George Boomer, of Murray street, was married on August 31, in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, to Mr. Henry M. Kelso, of the Ontario Bank, Toronto. Dr. Rogers, brother-in-law of the bride, gave her away. The marriage was very quiet, and the bride was unattended.

Fall 1906
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This instrument is TWO PIANOS IN ONE. We invite you to come and play upon it by either method for yourself. We take old pianos in exchange.

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Day School—Miss Jones, L.L.A., St. Andrews.

Pupils are prepared for Matriculation at the University of Toronto, for the Havergal Diploma and for the examinations in Music of the Conservatory and the Toronto College of Music, and in Art of "The Royal Drawing Society," London, England.

The College offers exceptional conversational advantages in French, under a resident French Mistress, assisted by six resident specialists in modern languages.

Particular attention is given to physical training by two graduates of the Boston Normal School of Physical Culture, who reside in the College and give individual care to the pupils. Instruction in swimming will be given in the new swimming bath.

Large grounds adjoin the College, and afford ample space for tennis, basket ball, cricket, etc., in summer, and for hockey upon a full-sized rink in winter.

A new Junior School is now being erected. The Curriculum includes, among other subjects, elementary courses in Cookery, Wood Carving and Basket Weaving.

A Domestic Science School, with six Departments, is now being fitted up.

Copies of the Calendar, containing full information as to entrance, fees, etc., may be obtained on application to the Bursar.

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Residence for Young Lady Students

desiring to spend a term in Toronto for study or pleasure.

Special studies arranged as desired.

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PRINCIPAL—HENRY W. AUDEN, M.A., Cambridge, late Sixth Form Master at Pettes College, Edinburgh.

THE COLLEGE WILL RE-OPEN for the Autumn term on Wednesday, Sept. 12th, 1906, at 10 a.m.

SEPARATE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT for boys between the ages of 9 and 13, with separate staff and equipment.

SIX YEARS OF GROUND—Separate infirmary, with physician and trained nurse.

COURSES FOR UNIVERSITY, Royal Military College and business. Every facility for cultivation of sports and athletics.

EXAMINATIONS FOR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS Saturday, Sept. 16th, 1906. Special scholarships for sons of old pupils.

FOR CALENDAR and all particulars address THE BURSAR, Upper Canada College Toronto, Ont.

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Autumn term commences Sept. 11th, 1906.

Upper and Lower School. Separate Residence for Juniors. Boys prepared for the University and Royal Military College. Strong staff, thorough instruction, careful oversight. Write for information. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., L.L.D., Principal.

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REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A., (St. John's College, Cambridge.) L.L.D., Queen's.

AN ACTOR'S QUEER CASE OF GOOD LUCK

MR. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, the well-known actor, "travelled in luck" for a considerable time after he came to America from England. He tells of a queer case of good luck that started him successward. He was walking up Broadway almost penniless and thoroughly disheartened when a strange-looking man addressed him. Mr. Faversham tells the story as follows:

He was well dressed, elderly, walked with a slight limp, carried a heavy stick, and wore glasses. He started when he saw me, and then came rapidly toward me. I had small interest in my fellow-beings at that moment, and paid but little attention to him. He stopped in front of me and said: "Young man, you have been a soldier."

I admitted the charge because it happened to be true, and wondered what business it was of his. Then he dropped his voice and remarked:

"I have been looking for you. Take this envelope and put it in your pocket."

With that he shoved a square white envelope into my hand, turned about, and beckoned to a hansom cab that came out of the park a block or so below. I stood still, staring at him, and watched him climb slowly into the vehicle, and then the cab wheeled about and turned to the north again. I think I must have stood there quite ten minutes before I remembered the envelope. I looked at it, and it was quite plain and sealed. I shoved it into my pocket and went into the park at the first entrance I came to, and sat upon a bench.

While the subject interested me for the moment, I felt too blue just then to think anything except that the old gentleman was a trifle touched by the heat. It must have been at least three hours afterward that I remembered the envelope, and, drawing it from my pocket, I opened it. Within there was but a half-sheet of paper, which was folded once across, and inside this was a treasury-note for one hundred dollars. I sat there staring at the bill for some time, and then I noticed that I had overlooked some writing on the sheet of paper. It was short and to the point, and read as follows:

"Ten years ago my son, since deceased, was befriended by a soldier in the British army, stationed at Manchester. I have not forgotten, and you are the tenth man who has served in the English service to whom I have made the same present. Perhaps you are the one who befriended my son—I cannot tell. The enclosed is yours to do as you will with, and it may come at a time when you will need it."

That was all. As to the sanity of the writer I have no opinion. It would be ungracious to suppose anything contrary to the message of the letter itself. I can only say that that hundred was of infinitely more value to me at that moment than fifty thousand would be now, and from that day my fortunes took a turn. If the old gentleman is still alive he may rest in the consciousness of having done one deed that proved the hinge upon which success for another swung to and fro.

A Remarkable Cripple

THERE is a man in Brooklyn, N.Y., who is a remarkable character. He is an incurable cripple, but he is said to receive a hundred proposals of marriage by mail every week. This man also has broken all records for personal mail, outstripping in this respect Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller and all other well-known philanthropists. To this man, chained to a bed of nerve-racking pain, come from fifteen hundred to two thousand personal letters a week—and yet perhaps not more than fifty of his fellow-citizens in Greater New York know of his existence. His name is Charles Noel Douglas, and he lives at No. 1442 Pacific street, Brooklyn. Or more properly speaking, he lies day in and day out upon the best bed that money can buy, at a window overlooking the shady backyard of No. 1442 Pacific street.

In 1888 Mr. Douglas, then a moderately successful actor on the English stage, came to America and passed through various theatrical vicissitudes until he found himself playing the leading role in a melodrama where he was the "villain," with the fun-making of the late Jerome Sykes, Sam Bernard and Harry Gilfoil as a foil.

This particular villain had to make a heavy fall in his death scene, and suddenly Mr. Douglas began to feel the effects of his self-inflicted injuries, so he left the stage and accepted an important government survey position in Montana. Later, feeling better, he returned to the stage, but soon afterward was stricken with paralysis.

An obscure nervous disease with which no surgeon or physician could cope placed him first in a private ward, then, as money became less plentiful, in a public ward, finally in a free bed, and then—face to face with the poorhouse.

The poorhouse! Can you imagine the outlook of a man of refinement and education, to say nothing of racking pains which should have received the most exquisite, delicate care.

"Give me a few days' grace," he



Belle of Balham (to Professor, who has just played Chopin's Funeral March)—That's awfully jolly! Now play one of Lohengrin's things! —"Punch."

begged of the hospital's head. "I can earn money. Just let me try." They gave him a week.

He wrote a lyric, a coon song, and sent it to May Irwin, on borrowed paper, inclosed in a borrowed envelope, and stamped through the kindness of a more fortunate fellow-patient.

In forty-eight hours he received a cheque for \$20 and Miss Irwin's promise to call and see him on her return from her season's travelling.

Mr. Douglas had written his own encore verses when on the stage, and secured many a laugh with his own thoughts. Miss Irwin's cheque gave him fresh inspiration. He wrote "Little Kinky Woolly Head" and sent it to Weber & Fields, then in the heyday of their new-found success. Three days later their representatives came to the hospital with a cheque for \$20—and Charles Noel Douglas had proved his right to be removed to a home for incurables instead of the poorhouse. He had shown that he could not legitimately be termed a pauper.

In this so-called home Mr. Douglas suffered much ill-treatment, but he also made many friends, and his fame as a writer began to spread, notably among the members of his one-time profession.

After three and a half years in the home, making six tragic years of institutional life with its nameless horrors and insults and degradations, he earned the right to be removed to a home of his own.

This man has written seven hundred lyrics, many of which have been incorporated in popular musical comedy successes. Many of them you have sung and admired. Hanging above his bed is a large autographed picture of Edna May, with this inscription:

"A happy New Year to the author of the prettiest and most successful song I have ever sung, 'My Cosy Corner Girl.' Faithfully yours, Edna May."

He conducts the editorial departments of correspondence departments in the six largest mail-order publications of the country, with an aggregate reading audience of 16,000,000. He has written innumerable plays for amateurs, half the parodies that convulse you on the vaudeville stage come from his pen, his simple "homy" poems are to be found in magazines the country over, he compiled the two-volume collection of quotations, "Forty Thousand Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts" for the Christian Herald; he is publishing a collection of his poems, which are on the line of Will Carleton's work, and is preparing a collection of quotations bearing on every phase of love, for which he has searched the literature of every modern tongue; he is under contract to provide the lyrics for musical plays that are to be featured on Broadway during the coming season—and he is his own business manager in all these details.

The Lesson of a Wrecked Beauty Parlor.

In spite of the efforts of the philosophers to settle the mooted question of the difference between man and woman, the subject will not down. The editorial page of every newspaper gives evidence of the recrudescence of the irreconcilable conflict. The New Woman naturally insists on minimizing and belittling the difference which man, now, as of old, seems bent on stoutly maintaining. "Judge" prudently holds aloof from the contest, but would, nevertheless, cite this little story from Boston and leave the reader to his own inferences: A lady went to a "beauty-parlor" to have some amendments made to her complexion, and to have certain lines of her nose readjusted. The result, in the lonely light of her mirror, did not come up to the specifications as she construed them, and she forthwith returned to the beauty-parlor and complexion-emporium and wrecked it. We argue nothing from this incident, but we venture to inquire, Would any man do that? For

answer we point to the unwrecked tonsorial establishments all over this broad land. The barber-shop is the masculine beauty-parlor. It is the one place where his complexion is beautified, the lines of his nose corrected, and his facial frontage slicked up generally. Men by the million go to the barber, submit themselves to him entirely, and go away in peace. We tremble to think what might occur if an equal host of the opposite sex went every day to get a "hair-cut and a scrape."—"Judge."

Power of the Press.

Wendell Phillips, the famous American orator and abolitionist, had an effective way of dealing with disturbances. Once when he was interrupted by an unfriendly audience he stooped down and began talking in a low voice to the men at the reporters' table.

Some of the auditors, becoming curious, called, "Louder!" Whereupon Phillips straightened himself up and exclaimed:

"Go right on, gentlemen, with your noise. Through these pencils," pointing to the reporters, "I speak to 40,000,000 people."—"Chicago Journal."

A Trade Secret.

"Bridget, didn't I hear you quarrelling with the milkman this morning?" "Sure not. His hind' gurl's sick, an' I was inquirin' after her. But he's an onpolite creature."

"How's that?" "Says I, 'How's your milkmade?' An' he looked mad an' says, 'That's a thrade secret.'"—Exchange.

A Circus.

Visitor—What a well-behaved boy. Mother—Yes; I told him if he was good he could watch his father take up the carpet.—New York "Sun."

In New Quarters.

"Vogue Tailoring Co.," 9 Adelaide street west, invite the old customers and friends of Ed. Mack, the Yonge street tailor to visit and inspect a consignment of new fall wears in "Vogue" designs.

A MODEL HOME.

What Can be Done if a Householder Possesses Money and Taste.

While this is no advertisement of the T. Eaton Company, it is but fair to say that their display of a model home in the Manufacturers' Building is creating a great deal of interest. The furnishing, of course, is costly, but it is so beautiful that even those whose financial standing will never permit the furnishing of a home on such an elaborate scale find a great deal of pleasure in it. The model kitchen, with its rubber floor, the hall with its massive grandfather's clock, the dining-room aglow with the shine of mahogany, the bedroom which would make anyone sleep, and the Marie Antoinette drawing-room—all have awakened much interest and attention. It is the last room, however, which draws the crowds. The whole scheme of decoration from the cupids on the ceiling to the rose pink curtains of silk is admirably done. But the crowning touch of all is the Marie Antoinette Goulay piano in the corner. This instrument is a model of art furniture work, and is a great credit to Canadian industry and taste. The design is artistically pure, the gentle curves of the case are delightful, the inlaying is delicate and beautiful, and the rich painting on the music desk is wholly admirable. Best of all, the instrument possesses that rich, luscious, well-balanced tone which has made the Goulay piano attain in less than three years one of the commanding positions in the trade. Those who attend the Fair will make a mistake if they fail to see this charming object d'art.

This "Marie Antoinette" piano was selected yesterday along with other styles of Goulays by Mr. J. A. McDonald of the McDonald Music Company, Halifax, for exhibit at the coming Halifax Fair.

THE NEW NOVEL BY MARIE CORELLI

THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN

A ROMANCE OF RICHES

By MARIE CORELLI

Author of

"THE MASTER CHRISTIAN"

"GOD'S GOOD MAN," etc.

Note: The only authorized portrait of Marie Corelli ever published appears for the first time in this book.

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"Fashion-Craft" clothes are "better than the best."

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Latest Fall Suitings

\$15 to \$25

The Shop of

"Fashion-Craft"
P. BELLINGER
22 King Street West

When Company Comes.

Sometimes my sister Mabel, who's grown up, looks almost like a fright. She wears a pair of ma's old shoes because her own are always tight. She does her hair up in a knot No bigger than a chicken's egg. And doesn't call it "limb" when what she means is nothing but a leg. But, jim-mun-nee! you ought to see how she can change! She's pretty near As sweet as any girl could be When comp'ny's here.

Sometimes, when ma is feelin' glum And her and me have had a spat, She slaps my ears and makes things hum, And says that I'm a little brat. One day she told me to my face I'd drive her ravin' crazy yet, And chased me all around the place Because a pitcher got upset. But, gee! how lovely she can be! It's "Willie, pet," and "Willie, dear," And not a pinch or slap for me— When comp'ny's here.

Pa often growls about the way The meat is cooked, and kicks because He has so many bills to pay; And when the coffee's cold he jaws. And if he has to hunt his socks, Or some one's used his brush or comb, It's horrible the way he knocks And darkens our once happy home. But, jim-mun-nee! you ought to see How quick his grouches disappear, And how dee-lightful he can be, When comp'ny's here.

I s'pose some time I'll have to die, Because all people must, they say, And have a home up in the sky And get a golden harp to play. There won't be no cold coffee then, And Mabel's shoes won't hurt her feet; And even in the mornings, when She has no switch on, she'll be sweet. Oh, gee! how long it seems to me "Forever" is! But I won't care, Because they'll always probably Be comp'ny there.

Less Talk.

"Yes, madam," said the doctor, "your husband needs a rest." "I know, doctor," replied Mrs. Nagget, "but he won't listen to me." "Don't compel him to listen to you. That's the sort of rest he needs most."—Philadelphia "Press."

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Athletics

THE season of summer sports draws near its peaceful end once September suns throw lengthening shadows in the late afternoons. True, summer games demand light and sunshine; only football can be played in the dark or in that vague stygian gloom which prevails at 5 o'clock on autumn days. Baseball and lacrosse, nevertheless, will linger on and on, in spite of unseasonable surroundings, and the impossibility of finishing games begun even as early as 3 o'clock. Lawn bowlers, tennis players, cricketers as well, are tenacious of their pastimes, and try to prolong their enjoyments regardless of equinoctial gales and changing seasons, but it is all in vain to warm one's hands at the expiring fires of summer sports. The warmth is little, the pleasure is not great, yet those who really love a sport do not desert it when it has fallen on evil days, and is close, as it were, to the period of its annual decay.

Of late years the professional baseball season has been extended throughout the whole of September. A long schedule brings increased profits to club owners, and so the teams struggle for championships as long as the sun continues to warm the bleachers. In our lacrosse leagues it has been the rule to end the season by the first week of September, but this year in the N.L.U. there is every probability that the championship will not be decided for some weeks to come. This delay is due not to any fondness for September lacrosse, but to the closeness of the struggle, and the prevalence of tie games. Last Saturday Cornwall and Montreal tied, and on Monday Tecumsehs and Nationals played with the same ambiguous result, just when a game won or lost would have gone a long way toward unweaving the lacrosse tangle. In both cases the teams played over-time, but the games had to be called on account of darkness. In this season of the year games should commence before half-past three or four. In fact, as it seems so difficult for Montreal, Cornwall or Tecumsehs to conclude their games, it would be well to adopt cricket fashions, and arrange all-day games, with intermissions for lunch. Some such heroic measure will be needed to finish the N.L.U. season before the fickle public turns to football.

The month of September has many claims to our honor and praise. It is the season of harvest, of "full-juiced apples waxing over mellow," it is the period of fruition and maturity. Nature's great dividend day, when earth pays a lavish compound interest on all deposits. It gives our cities a respite from the burning rays of summer suns; it brings the schoolboy back to his task, and the pedagogue to his ferules; it introduces new fashions in millinery, new books, new authors, and old thoughts in new dresses. The same month renews churches and theaters, and returns the clergyman to his pulpit, the chorus girl to the footlights. In short, it does a infinite number of surprising and highly desirable things, so that it quite deserves every sonnet that has ever been addressed to it. It has one merit, however, that more than all others endears it to sportsmen. It marks the beginning of the shooting season. He who does not feel his blood beat faster at this, has never lain in dreary marshes watching for the wild duck, sighted the covey from afar, and waited in anguished suspense till it settled around his decoys. For the sportsman September 1st is marked on the calendar with rubric capitals. It is the greatest day of the year, the one which contains the most joys or the most sorrows, according as the game bag is full or empty. It is the day on which he spurns the law's delay, the fearful tedium of the closed season, and with gun on shoulder hies him, if ducks be his game, to little lakes and marshy pools, where beds of rushes and wild rice flaunt a cruel invitation to the hapless birds to come to the fowler's snare. The great majority of city dwellers know not of these joys, and feel no glow at the opening of the shooting season; but it is far different in the country, where wild fowl persist in spite of the ravages of the woodman's axe and the draining of marshes. Even in the old agricultural districts of Ontario there is still some game for the farmer's boy, and his old muzzle loading shot-gun. In the wilder portions of New Ontario the sportsman finds a veritable Paradise, and the settlers, it is said, scorn the edicts of game wardens and the wise provisions which the statutes make for game in the breeding season. Nevertheless, in spite of stealthy violations of the law regarding closed seasons, even these sons of the soil in the distant north must hail with delight the day when they can sally forth with a clear conscience, on the trail of the wild duck, the grouse, partridge, and woodcock, not to mention at a later season, the noble red deer. As for those who travel from distant cities into the wilderness, to them the opening of the shooting season brings joy unconfined. They feel at once the pleasure of the sportsman and of the explorer,

and as long as they have qualities of either they have no joy in reckless and indiscriminate slaughter. We are still a hardy race, and scorn such degenerate sport as European shooting parties furnish, where the game is slaughtered by the thousands by sportsmen in armchairs. Such wholesale battues are unknown in our country. Our hunters, as a rule, prize their game by the exertion and skill required in the pursuit of it. As a result, we all take a friendly interest in their adventures when at the due season they depart with gun on shoulder for the haunts of wild animals.

Mr. James E. Sullivan, who was the American commissioner to the Olympic games of 1906, has written a volume upon his experiences at Athens this spring. The book is published in Spalding's Athletic Library series, and is the first complete report of that athletic event. The dedication is to Theodore Roosevelt, who was Honorary President of the American Olympic Committee. It is replete with valuable information, and contains nearly 100 full page pictures of different scenes at Athens, portraits of Theodore Roosevelt, His Majesty King George of Greece, His Royal Highness the Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta, Prince George, Prince Nicholas, and Prince Andrew, and many pictures of the victorious teams and individual members. The contents also include complete records of the Olympic Games of 1896, 1900 and 1904, a history of the Olympic Games, and a description of the most remarkable athletic structure ever built in the world—the Stadium at Athens. "The Olympic Games of 1906" will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada upon receipt of 10 cents by the American Sports Publishing Company, 21 Warren Street, New York.

A great performance, seldom paralleled anywhere, is reported from the Onwentsia Club of Chicago. The club professional, Willie Anderson, playing in the morning with Mr. Hobart Chatfield Taylor, had the wonderful figures of 67 for the round. In the afternoon, playing in a match with Messrs. Slason Thompson, Pillsbury and Noyes, he had 68, thus establishing a thirty-six hole record of 135.

Labor Day witnessed another triumph for Canadian oarsmen. In the Middle States Regatta, at Philadelphia, the Ottawa Rowing Club entered won the senior fours in decisive fashion. Such victories are helping to establish our rowing reputation, and are indeed highly creditable to the oarsmen who travel far from home and meet strange crews upon strange waters. The event that will give an interesting conclusion to the season of 1906 will be the eight-oared race to-day (September 8) between Harvard and Cambridge. The course is a winding one, four miles three furlongs in length, on the Thames, and is sufficiently sheltered to permit fast rowing. This will be only the second time that English and American university oarsmen have met at this distance. In 1896 a four from Harvard

was beaten six seconds by Oxford. This year the Harvard crew has been over a month in England preparing for the race, and by now should be acclimated and accustomed to the vagaries and currents of the course. Many of the American coaches think that Harvard will defeat Cambridge, but it is no easy task to defeat the best of English university oarsmen. A victory for Harvard would be a great triumph for the States, and would perhaps make English rowing experts do some thinking. It has been the general opinion for a great many years that the English style of rowing is the one that transfers the most strength and speed from the arm to the oar. Further, it has been said that Canadian and American rowing will never succeed unless our crude and unscientific styles are discarded in favor of the English system. So far this reasoning has proven correct, but we have been hoping against hope for some triumph of oarsmen on this continent that would turn the scale against the English critics. That triumphal vindication we would find in a Harvard victory to-day. If it should be decisive it will utterly discredit the English style of rowing in our eyes. The English university oarsmen, however, even if beaten, will no doubt soon recover their lost prestige. A defeat would give them a jolt that would be an education in itself.

A Queer Feller

By THE KHAN

"How did he get so rich?" Aunt Lucy asked, with a sigh.

"By always bein' in debt," returned Old Twilight. "Yas, sir; it may sound like a parryod, but that's 'xactly the way he made his money, and he has got loads of it."

"I don't see how a body kin make money an' be allus in debt," remarked Aunt Lucy, as she felt the hem of her skirt for a burr.

"He tole me about it," explained Old Twilight. "He tole me that when he was out uv debt an' had no payments to make he kinda got limp an' careless. He didn't make money. He was like a bullfinch with the fires out an' the big flywheel a mere hum uv cast iron. He got lazy, and what he et give him a sour brain, an' he couldn't sleep, an' so on. The only relief he had wuz to buy 'nuther piece uv property an' pitch in an' pay for it. Debt didn't scare that feller. Not a bit uv it. It was a game with him. The bigger the property an' the bigger the debt the better he et an' slept an' the more work he could do. He was the first uv in the morning an' the last in bed. Nobody ever lit his fires for him—he was up at the break uv day, an' in winter long afore it, lookin' after things. He was a hustler. An' when he'd paid fer that property—dang! he'd turn round an' buy 'nuther hunks jes' to keep his blood in circulation."

"Didn't his missus neip him none?" Aunt Lucy was sure to ask that.

"Yes, in a left-handed way. She was a mis'ble purty creature, allus whinin', an' scoldin', and goin' to die; and he kep' away from the house as



Indignant Actor (who has just been engaged to play "Hamlet," "Shylock," "Macbeth," etc., on tour)—But my dear sir, thirty shillings a week! It's starvation!

Agent—Ah! but it's constant.

—Tatler.

much as possible. Some wives make the home too dang cosy and comfortable, an' the men folks hate to get out in the morning, an' they git home too airly at night. It wasn't that way with him. He paid her doctors' bills an' her nurse bills an' her fad bills jes' as some men pay their whiskey bills, allus with a grimace, but without a kick, knowin' that it did more harm than good. She became a patent medicine drunkard, an' it killed her. She was delicious fer a week afore she snuffed out. Of course, she was delicious—seem' that it was a clear case of jimjams."

"An' what did he do then?"

"He married the nurse who looked after her. I've often wondered what bekem of the nurses. From the general hospital down to some little bob-tailed human repair shop in a saw mill town they are turned out by the thousands. Of course, some uv them die, an' some uv them go back home an' quit, but the majority uv them get married, I guess. The men who are most worth marryin' are busy men—hustlers. They know very little about women; they haven't time to monkey with them. They are thicker with the dining-room girls at their hotel than with any other class, cuz they kin chaff 'em at the table."

"When one uv these fellers gets laid out with a sawlog, or bruised up in a railway accident or something, er is laid out with a fever, first thing he knows there's a purty girl fussin' over him, givin' him coolin' drinks an' pettin' him an' bendin' down low over him, smilin' right into his eyes, and he feels a pretty girl's breath on his cheek, an' he can smell her hair, and the fragrance of her clean, wholesome body—and he's done fer. When a man is con—man is conval—when a man is conval—when a man is gittin' better, I was goin' to say, if the pretty nurse likes him she kin take him into camp with no trouble at all. They's a class uv folks that jes' like to go to the hospital an' be sick fer a while. It's great to have a fine, dashin' girl jolly you an' tickle you under the chin an' tell you that you won't die ef she can help it, an—"

"Aw, shut up!" said Aunt Lucy.—"Toronto Star."

Man and Hoss.

"I've observed," said Deacon Granby, "man and hoss are much the same;

Let 'em know that you're the master and they're likely to be tame; But you give 'em cause for thinkin' that you're anyways afraid, And you'll get yourself in trouble just as sure as eggs are laid."

"There was Joe Sykes owned a critter that had never run away. Till Joe's wife was in the buggy drivin' by herself one day; Well, she got to feelin' nervous, and the hoss, o' course, he knew, So he kicked the rig to pieces, after which away he flew."

"Joe himself was just as honest as the longest day was long. And I reckon that he never had a bit of thought of goin' wrong. Till his wife got fool suspicious and began to fret and stew, Thinkin' that he didn't love 'er and was ceasin' to be true."

"If he spoke to other women she'd be jealous of 'em, so 'Twasn't long before a widow (grass) eloped with Mister Joe! I, of course, don't wish to argue that he shouldn't get the blame, But it only goes to show you man and hoss are much the same."

—Chicago "Record-Herald."

"I Dreamed I Was a King."

Two darkies lay sprawled on the Luneta on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said: "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hund'ed watermellions."

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermellions."

"Would yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me yous powhaful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggard, are yo' so good-ferruffin lazy dat yo' cain't wish fo' yo' own watermellions?"—Manila "Sun."

Five Dollars' Worth.

John Philip Sousa tells of a Washingtonian who was hailed before a magistrate for committing a nuisance. The Washingtonian had committed no nuisance, but, nevertheless, the decision went against him, and he was naturally incensed. Forgetting himself, he told the magistrate what he thought of him, and was fined \$5 for contempt.

He produced a \$10 bill to pay the fine with. The clerk took it, searched his drawers, then made as if to hand the bill back again.

"I have no change," he said.

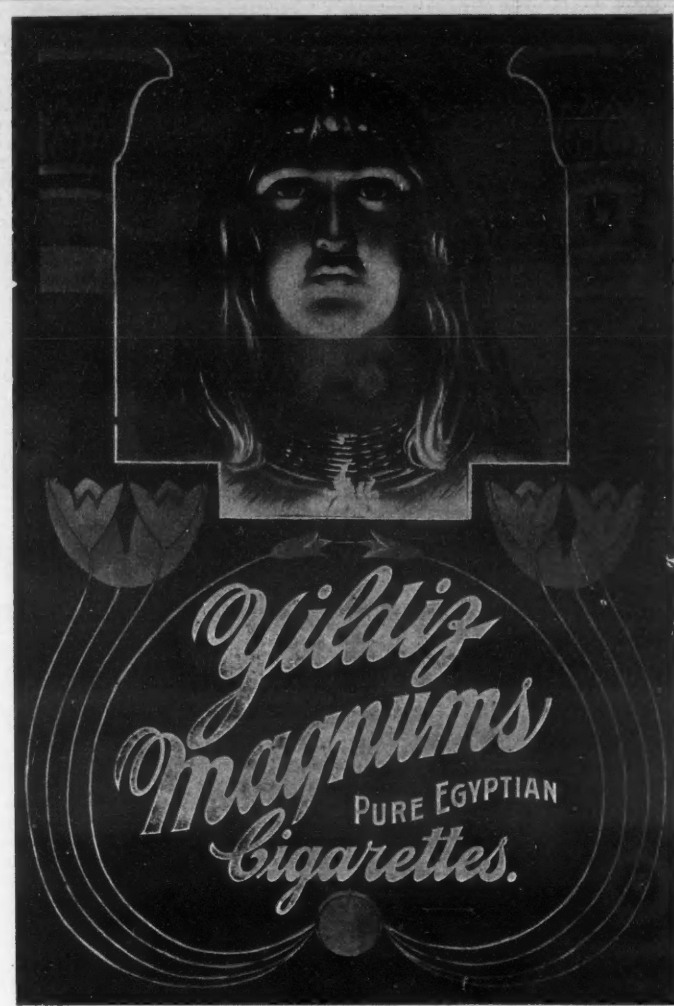
"Oh, never mind about the change," snorted my friend. "Keep it, I'll take it out in contempt."

A Simple Explanation.

Mike and Pat worked for a wealthy farmer. They planned to turn burglars and steal the money which the farmer had hid in one of the rooms of his house. They waited until midnight, then started to do the job.

In order to get the money they had to pass the farmer's bedroom. Mike says, "I'll go first, and if it's all right you can follow and do just the same as I."

Mike started to pass the room. Just



as he got opposite the door the floor creaked. This awoke the farmer, who called out, "Who's there?"

Mike answered with a "meow!" (imitating a cat). The farmer's wife, being awake, said, "O, John, it's the cat," and all was quiet.

Now Pat started to pass the door, and as he got opposite it the floor creaked again. The farmer called out again, louder than before, "Who's there?"

Pat answered, "Another cat."—Buffalo "Times."

A Dark Mystery.

It was her first dinner party. Naturally she was somewhat nervous at first, but the awkwardness wore away after a little, and she was soon quite at ease. The dessert was being served, and the stately waiters were passing pretty little pink-frosted cakes to be eaten with the iced creams.

A plate of them was held before the young lady, who looked them over and said, "I don't care for any." The waiter was moving away when she saw, as she thought, an éclair on the farther side of the plate. She was fond of chocolate.

"Yes, I will, too," she said, reaching over for the éclair, "there is one with chocolate on it."

"Beg pardon, miss," said the waiter, as she tried to pick up the tempting morsel; "beg pardon, miss, but that's my thumb."—London "M. A. P."

Subject for Another Lecture.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Slapdash, when they were finally seated in the carriage, "I've only got one of my earrings on. I left the other on my dressing table."

"Huh!" grunted her husband, "just like my lectures on your carelessness—in one ear and out of the other."—Philadelphia "Press."

Real Luxury.

Two gentlemen dining in a New York restaurant were surprised to find on the bill of fare the item "green bluefish."

"Waiter," one asked, "what sort of bluefish are green bluefish?"

"Fresh—right from the water," said the waiter, offhand.

"Nonsense," said the man. "You know well enough they do not take bluefish at this season."

The waiter came up and looked at the disputed item.

"Oh, that, sir," he said, with an air of enlightenment, "that's hothouse bluefish, sir."—Youth's Companion.

Is This True?

The average woman would rather have her husband pat her cheek than give her a thousand dollars.—San Francisco "Bulletin."

Harvest Time.

"I noticed two strange men in town," said Newcombe, at the Swampst station.

"Yes," replied Subbubs, "they represent a rubber factory in town, and—"

"But what brings them here?"

"Oh, they always come here at this season when the roads are thawing

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out to gather up the rubbers we lost during the winter."—Philadelphia "Press."

To Support the Affirmative.

Patience—How did Will come out in that love affair of his?

Patrice—Why, the girl said yes, but the father said no.

"What was the result?"

"Oh, I guess Will is going to support the affirmative, all right—Yonkers "Statesman."

A Soft Answer.

Temperance Man (to loafer)—My friend, do you drink?

Loafer—Yes, thanks. Where shall we go?—Modern Society."

A Summer Romance.

Summer maiden. Full of fun. Summer fellow. Chapter One.

Moonlight evening. Naught to do. Fender Topics. Chapter Two.

Sparkling diamond. Love will be Ever cherished. Chapter Three.

August passes. Girl no more. Likewise diamond. Chapter Four.

Young man wakens. Heart to mend. Love next season? NO! The End.

—Judge.

A CASE OF PLAGIARISM

A Story of Love and Literature.

BY
ADAM R. THOMSON.

WELL, my boy. I hope you have made a good choice?" said Mr. Brunton as he looked inquiringly at his son across the dinner table.

"I am sure of it," was Jack Brunton's emphatic reply.

His father sipped his claret thoughtfully. "Ah," he observed dryly, "no doubt. Young men, however are apt to be too precipitate nowadays. Formerly, marriage was not looked on so lightly. I myself, for instance weighed the pros and cons of the question long and anxiously before I came to a decision."

Mrs. Brunton smiled approvingly. Thirty years of family life had sufficed to dull any sense of humour she might originally have possessed.

"Mabel's father," observed Jack, with the air of one making an important disclosure, "is a man of letters—a poet, in fact."

Mr. Brunton looked up eagerly. "A—professional poet?" he asked. "or like myself, if I may say so, an amateur of—well, some distinction?"

"I'm not sure," answered Jack; "but he's very well known, I believe. I should think you must have heard of him."

"What do you say the name is?"

"Greymore—Algernon Greymore. Mabel is his only daughter."

"Dear me, of course I've heard of him. It's only a little while since I finished his latest book, 'Moonlight Meditations,' a work of no inconsiderable merit. I wonder, by the way, if he's seen my latest?"

Jack sincerely hoped not. His opinion of "Limpid Lyrics" was not high, and he felt it would be much better that, at first at least, his father should be known to Mr. Greymore as a successful city merchant rather than as a very indifferent bard. He was comforted, therefore, by the reflection that for business reasons his father published his writings anonymously, and, on account of the heavy cost of production, in no case gave the world the benefit of more than one extremely limited edition.

"And when are you going to speak to her father, Jack?" asked the eldest Miss Brunton presently. Just having become engaged herself she was naturally much interested in the matter.

"I can't say yet," he replied. "Mabel was going to break the news to him first. I'm expecting a letter from her this evening."

He was not disappointed, for an hour or two later he had the pleasure of reading the following communication:

"Blurtington House,
Hampstead, N.W.

"My Very Dear Boy,—I told pa all about it, and for some time he was really quite furious. He said he might have known something dreadful would happen when he was stupid enough to let me join a lawn tennis club. I told him it wasn't dreadful at all, it was just beautiful. And I said you were a rising lawyer, Jack, and I cried a great deal, and said if dear mother had lived she wouldn't have been so unkind; and I think it will be all right, for pa promised to see you if you'd call to-morrow night. So you'll come, won't you, dear."

"So good-bye till then, with lots of love and kisses. Your loving

"Mabel."

"P.S.—This is my first love-letter, you dear, naughty boy!"

"P.P.S.—(1) Come about eight, and after ringing, rattle the letter-box, and if you're good I'll open the door to you myself; (2) excuse so many 'ands'."

II.

The appointment thus made, it is hardly necessary to say, faithfully kept, with the result that Mr. Algernon Greymore, after questioning the young man closely as to his financial position, had expressed a provisional approval of Jack's suitorship for his daughter's hand. He wished, however, to see Mr. Brunton, senior, before finally settling the matter, and it was arranged that if convenient to the latter gentleman, the interview should take place on the following evening.

"If he can come early," Mr. Greymore remarked politely, "I shall be obliged; our business need not take long, and it is my practice, every Thursday at eight, to give a short reading from my latest poem to one or two friends. To-morrow I propose to read a few, say fifty, stanzas from 'Moonlight Meditations'; perhaps you and your father would like to hear them? You'll come with him, of course."

"I am sure we shall be delighted," replied Jack, very untruthfully as regards himself, for he would much rather, at such a time, have enjoyed a tete-a-tete with the object of his affections.

The evening's events, however, including a prolonged farewell of Mabel, were, on the whole, so much to his mind that he returned home to Highgate in the seventh heaven of happiness, entering the house at the same moment as his father, who explained, with a meaning smile, that he had only been out to the post, a statement to which Jack paid no attention. He was under the impression that the circumstance was not one with which he was concerned, never suspecting that the package just despatched was addressed to Algernon Greymore, Esq., and consisted of a dainty little volume

bound in white vellum, which bore on the flyleaf inscription, "With the Author's compliments."

Mr. Brunton, senior, agreed to the programme arranged for the next night with enthusiasm. To listen to a poet—a professional poet—reading from his own works would be a new and enchanting experience! Besides, he might have an opportunity of eliciting Mr. Greymore's opinion on "Limpid Lyrics," which would by that time have been in the great man's possession some hours. How delighted he was he had sent him the verses so promptly! What a happy moment it would be for all parties when, with due humility, he acknowledged their authorship!

III.

When the two gentlemen were shown into the drawing-room at Blurtington House they were received by Mabel, whose pretty face flushed charmingly as Jack introduced her to his father. She spoke a little more seriously than usual, however, as she explained to the latter—

"Pa won't be long, Mr. Brunton. He asked me to entertain you while he sees Jack for a few minutes about something that's bothered him a little to-day. I'll just take you to the library, Jack. It's all right dear," she added as she led him from the room: "it's only some legal matter connected with pa's poetry. He thought you wouldn't mind helping him. He called it a case of plaguy—something or other. Somebody's been imitating pa's poetry, I think."

"Oh, I see, plagiarism—the a is soft, darling—a question of copyright. Well, I'll help him to the best of my ability." He was indeed pleased at having an opportunity of doing his dear one's parent a service at such an early stage of their acquaintance.

The poet received his daughter's lover graciously, and, directly Mabel had returned to the drawing-room, came straight to the point.

"I have been the victim of a gross outrage, Mr. Brunton," he began, "and I want you to assist me to bring the perpetrator to justice."

"Certainly; I shall be delighted. A case of plagiarism, I understand."

"Yes, of the most barefaced description."

"You have discovered it accidentally, I presume?"

"I have discovered it, Mr. Brunton, because the author has had the unaccountable impertinence, the reckless audacity, to bring the fact to my notice himself! He has sent me a copy of the offending work, with his compliments, forsooth!"

"Astounding!"

"You may well say so. I have never felt so insulted in my life."

"Of course you know his name?"

"I do not; the book is published anonymously. But no doubt you'll be able to find the fellow out. The package bore the Highgate postmark."

"Oh!" said Jack, with a little start.

"That will be some guide to you, and, before we go any further, I'll just give you an opportunity of judging for yourself whether or not my complaint is well-founded. He took up a small book, and read impressively—

O love of mine! the beams of brightest noon
Seem pale beside the love-light of thy face,
Nor e'en the beauty of the silvery moon
Can vie with thee in purity and grace!

"That is from the fifth canto of 'Moonlight Meditations.' Now"—producing another small book—"listen to this—

My darling love! the noontide's burning glare
Seems pale indeed beside thy love-lit face,
Nor can the moon with thee, my sweet, compare.
In plenitude of purity and grace.

"Now, what do you think of that? Why, to pass over such a thing would be a positive crime, both to myself and"—he drew himself up proudly—"to the public!"

"And—and"—Jack looked wistfully at the volume in the other's hands—"what is the name of the book?"

"The name of the production, sir, is 'Limpid Lyrics.'"

Jack could hardly control his agitation. He saw it all. This was the result of his father's inordinate vanity. Only one thing was to be done. He must see his father at once, and warn him not to mention the matter, otherwise—

"Now, Mr. Brunton," broke in Greymore, pleasantly, "here are both the books. I place the matter in your hands. Please spare no expense in pursuing your inquiries."

"I—I won't," said Jack feebly. "But it will take a long time, you know—a very long time."

"I trust not. However, I rely on you. And now I'm going to your father to talk over a more satisfactory subject. No, no"—as Jack rose—"you needn't come with me. Sit down; I'll send Mabel in to you." And before Jack could stop him he had left the room.

"Hurrah!" cried Mabel as she entered a minute later; "I've left them

both looking as jolly as—as sandboys, isn't it? Now we—"

"Don't, Mabel," pleaded Jack; "don't love. I cannot bear it!"

"Why, whatever's the matter, dear? You look struck all of a heap!"

"I—I am struck all of a heap. Mabel, it is all over!"

"All over?"

"Yes; we shall have to part, darling!"

"To part! Are you mad, Jack? What can all this mean?"

"It means that—in short, it means that if I am to retain the regard of your father, I—I shall have to prosecute my father!"

IV.

He explained the position shortly, and when he had done so Mabel said slowly, "But, Jack, pa doesn't know your father wrote the verse, and—and you needn't tell him, you know. You can say you couldn't find out who wrote it."

"Sweet, innocent little girl! my father's probably told him himself by this time. He's very proud of his book, and I—I couldn't get at him to warn him not to speak of it. He's not aware of the plagiarism, not he. It's of the unconscious sort, darling."

"Oh, I see," said Mabel, beginning to cry, "a kind of kleptomaniac. Then, Jack, I—I suppose we shall have to say good-bye, for dear pa will never look over the thing. He's—he's been very angry all day about it. He's very touchy about his work, Jack."

"Poet's always are touchy, confound them!" murmured her lover. "But—but I can't leave you, Mabel, I can't! If your father dismisses me, we—we—what do you say to a quiet wedding before the Registrar?"

"O Jack, I couldn't. I—I daren't! Pa is—good to me—and I—besides, I—I want to be married in—in a church, dear." She ended in a sob.

Jack groaned, and at the same moment there came a loud double knock at the street door.

"It's Uncle Herbert," said Mabel, as she wiped her eyes. "He's come for pa's weekly reading. He's the only one who does come. I know what we'll do, Jack, we'll tell the trouble to him. Yes, yes, we will. I'll bring him in here. He knows everything. Jack, and he's very fond of me. He'll help us, you see if he doesn't."

She ran from the room, and returned immediately, followed by a stout, good-natured looking gentleman, who shook hands with Jack, and casting his eyes round the room, threw himself down in what appeared the most comfortable chair.

He was a critic by profession, and his reason for attending his brother-in-law's literary soirees was twofold—he owed him money and found his whisky good.

"Fine night after the rain," he said cheerily; but before Jack had time to assent Mabel mentioned their dilemma, and in the prettiest way possible asked his help. This he readily promised, and when Jack had pointed out to him the two verses which had caused all the bother, remarked in a reassuring voice—

"I'm, your father's charge, my dear Mabel, may, I think easily be dealt with on the tu quoque method."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how fortunate!" Then, dubiously, "But how do you do it, uncle?"

"You'll understand what I mean, Mr. Brunton; it is obviously a case of a 'common source.'"

"I think I see your drift," said Jack a little more hopefully. "You're going to contend that they both got their inspiration from a verse written by somebody else?"

"Precisely. The only question is by whom."

"We've no time to search for the parallel now."

"Of course not, and we don't require to. As a matter of fact, I hardly think we should find any exact parallel."

"Then what can you do?"

"Does your father understand Greek, Mr. Brunton?"

"I believe not."

"I suppose he is not proud of his ignorance?"

"He has always regretted that he never had a classical education. Is he—excuse the question—is he vain at all?"

"I—I am afraid he is somewhat about his verses."

"Just as I expected. Your father is very conceited about his, Mabel."

"Oh, Uncle Herbert!"

"A fact, my dear, an absolute fact. Well, the original of both verses is to be found in the writings of the Greek poet Krauli."

"Krauli?"—this from Jack.

"You've never heard of him, have you? Neither have I; but he's the man. I'll go to the drawing-room and see what effect the revelation has—that is, if a rupture has taken place."

"It's sure to have taken place," said Jack; "I feel positive about that. I know my father."

"Then it shall soon be healed," answered the critic as he quitted the apartment.

V.

Sounds of strife greeted him as he walked towards the drawing-room, and he smiled grimly as he heard a loud voice—Jack's father's, no doubt—proclaim emphatically—

"I tell you, sir, the charge you have made is infamous! I have explained that the verse you dare to say is taken from one of yours was simmering in my brain months before I had ever seen your book."

"Pooh!" cried Greymore contemptuously. "I don't believe you; the thing is too absurd!"

Uncle Herbert waited to hear no more, but, bursting noisily into the room, bowed to Mr. Brunton, and

then, walking straight to his brother-in-law, said quickly—

"Excuse me interrupting you, Algy, but the fact is I've found out something about one of your poems I think you ought to be made aware of. You haven't given instructions for the issue of the second and revised edition of 'Moonlight Meditations' yet, I hope?"

"No."

"I'm glad of that—very glad! You said you were going to, to-night—that's why I've hurried so. My dear boy, you've been guilty of one of the nastiest pieces of plagiarism I ever met with in my life."

"I—I have been guilty—of—plagiarism?" shrieked Greymore.

"Certainly. In the fifth canto you've got a verse which is—well, almost a literal translation from an ode of Krauli's, a Greek poet known to every schoolboy. Perhaps you'll recall it; it commences, 'O love of mine! the beams of brightest noon.'"

"Yes, yes, I recall it," said the astonished Greymore; "but I—I—"

"Good; then you can knock it out of your second edition. By the way, it's a strange thing, but I came across another volume the other day containing a plagiarism of the same ode of Krauli's—a capital little book in other respects, too, called by the euphonious title of 'Limpid Lyrics.'"

Here Brunton, who had been seated at the other side of the room, listening with mixed feelings to the conversation, started to his feet. Before he could speak, however, Greymore came and whispered to him hastily, "Not a word about our discussion to-night; it seems we've both acted with—without in advertence." Then he added aloud, "Herbert, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Brunton, whose son has just become engaged to Mabel. Mr. Brunton—Mr. Herbert Wanklyn."

It was a little later on that the happy Mabel inquired timidly of her lover—

"Jack, dear, now that we've got over the trouble about 'Limpid Lyrics,' no,

then, walking straight to his brother-in-law, said quickly—

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'Limpid Lyrics,' I—I should like to know what the tu quoque method is, darling."

"Dearest!" said Jack, "in the lowest circles of society, when one young lady calls another a—story-teller, the general retort is, 'you're another! That's a tu quoque, Mabel.'"

"Oh! Well, in future, when you call me a darling, you bad boy, I shall reply tu quoque."

"I can't imagine what your father's up to," Mrs. Brunton said next day; "he's been looking through ever so many big books for hours. I asked him what he wanted, and he muttered something about searching for Crawley. I said if he wanted to find out where Crawley is I could soon enlighten him, for I remembered passing the place on the railway when we went to Bognor last year."

"And did he reply?"

"No; but he looked—he looked as if he could have eaten me!"

The Court Was Loyal.

In a Western Kansas town some years ago a non-resident filed suit to collect a bill from a resident of the place. The plaintiff made a clear case, and the defendant submitted no evidence at all.

"You have the law and the evidence on your side," said the judge to the plaintiff.

"Then I get judgment for my claim?" asked the plaintiff.

"Oh, no," replied the judge. "I find for the defendant. This court never goes back on its home people."—Kansas City "Journal."

Preferred Knives.

Canvasser—Madam, I would like to show you the beautiful silver forks that we are giving away with every half dozen bars of Skinflint soap.

Lady of the House—We don't never eat with forks in this house. They leak.—Woman's Home Companion.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Points About People.



Those who have noted how much space the sporting intelligence occupies in the modern daily newspaper, it will perhaps be of interest to learn how the first sporting column in Toronto came to be established. The pioneer in that direction was the *Toronto Mail*, and the feature which was afterwards adopted by all the city dailies originated through the blunder of a young reporter. Thirty years or so ago, the *Mail*, then in its buoyant infancy, boasted six editorial writers, and two reporters, and was conducted by Mr. T. C. Patteson, the present postmaster, a gentleman of forceful personality. At that time it was customary to scatter sporting intelligence, such as it was, all over the paper, on no systematized method. One day there was an international cricket match, and one of the two reporters—Mr. Arthur Wallis, now chief editor of the *Mail and Empire*, was despatched to write it up. Mr. Wallis was very young then, and cricket was not one of his strongholds. However, he did the best he could, and prepared what he conceived to be a really brilliant report of the game. Next day he came down to the office in complacent mood, and was greeted by a companion holding out an obvious flag of warning.

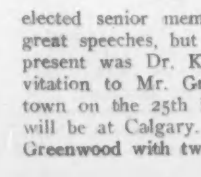
"For God's sake, dodge 'T. C. P.," said his friend. "You know he's a cricket fiend, and he's been calling down the wrath of the gods on the reporter that balled up the cricket match."

Young Wallis realized it was up to him to go out and hunt some news and sneak back with it in the darkness of the night. He was running down the stairs to escape the storm, when in his haste he bumped into the august "T. C. P." himself. Seeing the confusion of the lad, the wrath of the chief was turned to laughter. After explaining tersely how fatuous the report had been from a cricketer's standpoint, an idea struck him. "Look here," he said, "any sporting news you have, in future, take to Mr. Good, the proofreader. He understands it. We're going to have a sporting column after this."

Thus was Mr. H. J. P. Good installed as Toronto's first sporting editor. It is said that Mr. Wallis has often lamented the day when his blunder led to this innovation, for the growth of the sporting page and other departments of the daily newspaper has reduced the editorial page to one-half its former dimensions. Nevertheless, the idea was slow in meeting approval. For several months the *Mail* constantly received letters from subscribers, protesting against a serious-minded newspaper like the *Mail* conducting a department devoted to anything so frivolous as sport.

Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P. for York in the British Parliament, was given a rousing welcome to his old home town of Whitby the other day. He is an Ontario County old boy who has done well in the world's metropolis of London. He is not only member for York, but is a junior in the Colonial Office, under Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P. The other day Mr. Greenwood was in the Toronto *World* office, seeing his brother, Mr. W. H. Greenwood, when in walked the Sheriff of York, England, who is now touring Eastern Canada. Neither of the two knew that the other was in Canada, and they heartily enjoyed the meeting.

"This is the gentleman," said Mr. Greenwood, to those present, "who made a remark I shall never forget. It was he who said on one occasion: 'I declare Mr. Hamar Greenwood elected senior member for York.' I may hear other great speeches, but none equal to that." Among those present was Dr. Kaiser, of Oshawa, who bore an invitation to Mr. Greenwood to open the Fair in that town on the 25th instant, but by that time the visitor was in Calgary. "I can tell you, though," said Mr. Greenwood with twinkling eyes, "I appreciate the honor



very much, indeed. When I used to crawl under the fence to get into the County Fair down at Whitby I never promised myself the honor of being invited to formally open it, and there's nothing I would rather do if I could possibly be there." Those who knew Greenwood in Whitby, or when he was a rebel student at 'Varsity, will not find him greatly changed, except that he has put on flesh and has acquired a more robust manner. He has become a fine-looking, forceful man. It is a fact worth noting that the Sheriff of York, already spoken of in this paragraph, came out to Canada to visit his son, a graduate of Oxford University, who is taking a special course in practical science at McGill. At the same place is the son of Sir George Gibb, one of the greatest railway men in England. The Sheriff states frankly that they have no practical science schools in Great Britain equal to ours, and that many may be expected to come here for practical training in science.

A Quebec citizen who visited Toronto recently, told a story of how he once fell into the clutches of the Ontario law. More than fifteen years ago, when the first day of the week was observed more strictly than it is today, he and a friend were spending Sunday in Barrie, and went to the beach after breakfast for a game of quoits. But they were observed and arrested by a stalwart officer, and, in spite of their bewilderment, decided that it would be the better part of valor not to resist. They were in fear of being locked up when the Quebecer remembered that Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, the member for North Simcoe, and an old friend, was probably in town. An appeal was sent to the "Equal Rights" statesman, who promptly came to the rescue and took them home with him to dinner, after addressing a few words of advice to the over-zealous officer.

Two Irishmen met on Yonge street, and one cordially said: "How air ye, Mike? It's glad I am to mate ye agin." "Faith," said the other; "me name is Dennis O'Toole, and, as for matin' me agin, I'll swear by all the saints that I niver set eyes on ye afore." "Well," said the first, scratching his head, "ye may niver have met me, but I'll vow that I've met you."

Up at the Exhibition this week two men were standing looking admiringly at Jules Breton's fine painting, "Communicants," owned by Lord Strathcona, and loaned from his Montreal residence. "Did you ever," asked one of them, "hear the story of the purchase of this painting?" The other had not. "Well, it seems that this painting was to be sold at auction on a certain day in New York, and many wealthy art lovers and shrewd dealers were present to buy it, if possible. The bidding commenced, and the general understanding was that the painting had a value of about \$18,000. Lord Strathcona was there, and when the bidding got up pretty near to the picture's value, he began bidding. J. J. Hill was there, too, and a dealer was bidding for him. The others dropped out when the figure rose about \$20,000, and when the price rose six thousand dollars more the dealer stepped over to J. J. Hill and said he would bid no more. 'Keep right on,' said Hill. 'I want the picture—keep on until I tell you to quit.' The bidding continued until the figure reached \$45,000, whereupon Lord Strathcona made a bold bid of \$50,000 and J. J. Hill quit. Later on he came over to Lord Strathcona and told him that he had set his heart on the picture, not for himself, but as a present for his wife, she being a Roman Catholic. Some days later J. J. Hill got a letter from Lord Strathcona, asking if he might have the honor of presenting the painting to Mrs. Hill. Mr. Hill would not hear of this act of generosity, nor would Lord Strathcona sell the painting. So it remains in Canada, and we have the privilege of seeing it here. I don't vouch for the story, but just tell it as I heard it."

The last few weeks there has been in our city a large number of friends from across the line, who evidently imagine that annexation is an historical fact. Whether they get this idea from reading the evening press or from hearing of our civic scandals, I do not know, but it is certain that there is something about our city that makes them forget that they have crossed the boundary line. The King Edward Hotel management has to caution its patrons against the use of American stamps in the Canadian mails, yet in spite of warnings George Washington's image appears unstamped in our post-office. The other day a lady approached the King Edward news-stand and asked in a hesitating manner if the clerk had Canadian stamps for sale. Her surprise when the clerk displayed a large quantity confirmed the suspicion that she had at first doubted the existence of a Canadian postage.

Rev. "Move On" Wilson is a prominent member of the Methodist clergy. He is also the possessor of curly locks and a clean shaven countenance. This once misled a Toronto woman to switch the reverend gentleman's faith, and even his positive avowal of his faith did not at first dislodge the feminine first impression. The whole thing gave Hon. J. W. St. John, in whose office the incident transpired, a hearty laugh. The lady dropped into the office while the clergyman was closeted with the man of law. An introduction followed, in which Mr. St. John mentioned the clergyman's faith. "Oh, no," responded the good lady, "clergyman he may be, and doubtless is, but with that face, you need not tell me he is not a priest."

A spinster, residing in the northern part of the city, went to condole with an old Scotch woman who had just buried her third husband. "How is it," asked the unclaimed blessing, "that you have succeeded in getting three husbands, while some poor creatures can't get one?" "Heh," said the widow, as a canny smile shone through her tears, "if ye hae a bit o' siller an' a hoose, ye can aye get a mon."

Many prisoners, haled before the bar of the quarter sessions of the county, have quailed before the piercing gaze of the late Judge McDougall, as he delivered sentence—or casually interjected a question to a witness who, badgered by counsel, was not making his meaning clear—but few of them, or even of his intimate friends, suspected that those eyes, looking out from under their overhanging brows, held any hypnotic power. Still such is said to have been the case. The Judge was ignorant of this himself until one evening a few years before his death he was talking hypnotics to a relative who had been studying its mysteries as a passing fad. The young man essayed to put the judge under the thrall, and as they sat gazing into one another's eyes the Judge sud-

denly became aware that he had inadvertently and without in the least knowing how he had managed it, gained a strange control of the intending hypnotist. He resolved to try it out, and as the first thing which struck his mind was that his brother had been vainly trying to recall an air of a song, he commanded him to sing the song. The "subject" did it, never faltering or wavering from the air, and recalling every word as accurately as if it had been a college yell of his boyhood. The Judge never knew exactly how he removed the spell, and he never tried hypnotism again.

William Pink, an Englishman employed on the construction work of the Grand Trunk Pacific, left camp early last Sunday morning to walk to Niblock. He got lost, and only reached the railway track again on Tuesday afternoon. He says he has had enough of Canada, and will return to England. Here is an Englishman who cannot be blamed if he always remembers Canada as a wilderness of bush. His relatives and acquaintances, far and near, will hear over and over again the story of how he wandered for three days and two nights through the endless woods of Canada. And yet this country is not a dense forest by any means.

Deputy Chief Stark, of the Toronto police force, speaking at the annual meeting of the Chief Constables' Association this week, made an important speech, calling attention to the fact that the interests of justice are seriously hampered by the practice of some lawyers in bullying witnesses, and the failure of the bench to protect these witnesses, even when appealed to. The point was made that the police experience an always increasing difficulty in securing witnesses in all kinds of cases. People do anything to avoid being brought into court to give evidence.

A House-Hunter's Rubaiyat

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON.

Wake! for the houses, billed "To Let" last night,
May have been taken at the morning's light,
And all the weary days in tramping spent
Be one with car fares which your soul affright.

Now, as his wife of cool sea-breezes tires,
Each summer loafer for a house enquires,
Reads all the daily's columns marked "To Rent,"
And then—unto the timber tall retires.

Therefore, arise, and, in thy porcelain tub,
The mists of slumber, from thine eyelids rub.
"It's up to you," your wife has said, My Lad,
Now if you fail you will be called a dub.

Whether in Rosedale or across the Don,
Whether your taste to flat or cottage run,
The "To Let" signs are vanishing away;
The empty houses filling one by one.

Each paper holds a hundred "ads," you say?
Yes, but where are those "snaps" of yesterday?
And this first influx of returning crowds
Is like to sweep the whole of them away.

Some for the comforts of a flat, and some
Sigh for the freedom of a cottage home—
Ah, take the first on which your eye may chance,
Ere, on your efforts, dire confusion come.

The dainty cot you set your heart upon,
You'll find has just been rented, or anon,
Your plans go glimmering in a phantom sheen,
With lofty rents you had not figured on.

I sometimes think there is a fiend perverse
Who lays for plans that weary mortals nurse—
He spoils their bargains ere they have been closed,
And takes his pleasure when he hears them curse.

Trust not the hopeful "ad," which you have seen,
And every agent on whose word you lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly, for I fear
'Tis but another case of "Might have been."

For some I've loved, the handiest and best,
Whose beauties on my eager mind were pressed,
Have just been let a day or so before,
Or have had "Drawbacks" which I had not guessed.

Myself at first, did eagerly frequent
The agent's shop and heard much argument
On open plumbing, concrete floors, and such,
But no good from all the time I'd spent.

With them, I looked at houses in a row,
And, with them, to the suburbs would I go—
Now all I looked at is a tangled dream,
What were the houses? Friend, I do not know.

Hot, tired, and dusty, hither hurried hence;
And, disappointed, thither hurried thence.
But not a house of all the hordes I saw
Could drown the memory of their insolence.

Here was a door to which there was no key,
There, was the Lake View, hidden by a tree!
Some lengthy talk awhile of "Woodland Walks"
There was, and then some piffle of "A Sunlit Lea."

They could not answer when I asked, in scorn,
Some simple question as, Would they adorn
The awful shack they'd bolstered up with lies?
At last I found their every word forsworn.

For mine, a tent where I may calmly rest,
No more, by every haunting fear oppressed,
Then I may pack to any spot I choose—
And leave my mail to catch me readressed.

A moment's halt, or lots of time to waste,
Immune from every fretful landlord's haste,
I may be living in what place I please,
All trace of worry from my mind effaced.

Would you the balance of existence spend
In hunting for a house to live in, Friend?
Perchance you'll find it the next time you look—
Perhaps you'll have to build it in the end.

Waste not your hour, nor in these vain pursuits
Of this and that, incur such warm disputes.
Better be living in the worst of them—
Than on the pavements wearing out your boots.

And if at last you cease to be a yap,
And find a roomy tent, why then, Old Chap,
What time you seek its shelter cool at night,
Think, Friend, of me—then close the canvas flap.

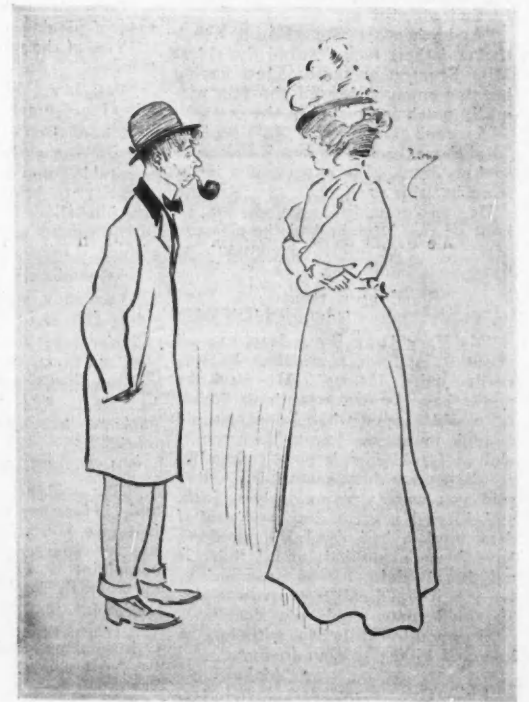
Toronto, Sept., 1906.

Crabs, Lobster, and Watermelon.

A MORE or less voracious despatch shocked the country the other day, giving the news that John D. Rockefeller was confined to his bed through "an over-indulgence in watermelon." It is scarcely credible, says the *San Francisco Argonaut*, that a man worth several hundred millions should imperil his stomach with that seductive vegetable or fruit. For whether the watermelon is a vegetable or a fruit is a disputed point. It is like the tomato in that regard, for the classification of the cantaloupe, the watermelon, and the tomato have led to much trouble at club dinner-tables, and have even separated husbands and wives. Watermelon trouble, however, is by no means linguistic alone; it is stomachic and intestinal as well, as Rockefeller has found. How alluring the watermelon is in summer! The writer once knew an elderly lady, childless, widowed, rich, ever surrounded by adoring cousins, nephews, and nieces; this elderly lady possessed several millions of dollars, and yet she flew in the face of fate one midsummer day, in the broiling Atlantic latitudes near New York, by eating lobster, ice cream, and watermelon all at the same meal. We looked at her with startled eyes, for it seemed deliberately suicidal. But the millionaire widow only went to bed for a day or two, and soon recovered, to enjoy her meals and her millions. Still, why do these abnormally rich persons take such risks? Where a tramp or a poor seamstress is concerned it is comprehensible, but not so with a millionaire widow or a Rockefeller.

The *Baltimore Sun* the other day remarked in a mournfully reminiscent vein that in Baltimore it used to be considered suicidal mania to eat crabs and milk at the same meal. Now, however, the editor remarked, the practice was not at all uncommon and frequently was not fatal. Only a fortnight ago a professor of dietetics died suddenly in Atlantic City from eating boiled crabs. He is said to have boasted that his soft skin, good color, and clear eyes were due solely to his "primitive foods." He could scarcely get anything more primitive than a crab, for it is only one remove from carrion. About the same time the editor of *Printer's Ink*, a newspaper trade journal, was hard at work in his office on Friday noon, felt badly Friday afternoon, and died Saturday forenoon. The doctor said it was "acute indigestion," but his friends said that it was a luncheon on Friday of lobster and brandy.

We might suggest to Mr. Rockefeller another way of taking watermelon. It is common in those Southern States where they distill in the mountains the moonshine whiskey that maketh glad the heart of man. They cut a plug out of a large watermelon, remove the works, fill the watermelon with whiskey, and reinsert the plug. After the melon has passed the vigilance of Uncle Sam's revenue officers, the natives take out the plug, consume the whiskey, and throw away the watermelon. This, compared with Mr. Rockefeller's method, is certainly much safer and said to be more agreeable.



ANOTHER PHIL MAYISM.

"You look bad, Bill. You wasn't sober last night, was you?"

"No; but I feel as bad as if I 'ad bin."—Tattler.

A discussion has been proceeding in the *London Daily Mail* regarding the luggage system in England. In this connection "A Yorkshireman" writes: "Six years ago I landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, bound for the Far West. I checked my luggage through, and, although I changed at Montreal and Winnipeg, after a journey of four days and nights, I found my trunks at my destination at the same time as myself. Six days ago, wishing to send my luggage in advance from a station on the Brighton line, I applied to the station-master, who informed me that he could not do it, but if I liked to take my belongings to the next large station the matter could be managed from there."

The filing of plans for alterations of the city home of John Jacob Astor at 844 Fifth avenue, New York, show that the central wall which bisects the grand staircase was erected at the command of Mrs. Astor to separate her portion of the gray stone palace from that occupied by her son and family. Two of the Astors—John Jacob and William Waldorf—own the Astor House jointly. Of the Waldorf-Astoria, William Waldorf Astor owns the Waldorf side, while John Jacob owns the Astoria portion, and these twin hotels are divided by such a partition wall as existed in the Astor home, where the mother and son live side by side.—*Argonaut*.

It is noted that the newspapers of Italy have recently entered on a period of marked prosperity. The first in circulation and enterprise is the *Evening Courier*, of Milan, with 120,000 circulation and an equipment of American Hoe presses. The *Tribuna* of Rome is next in circulation and influence, with an output of 100,000 copies daily. The *Mattino* of Naples follows, with 80,000, and the radical *Messenger* of Rome, with 60,000.

The Czar's new automobile was bought in Hungary for \$20,000. It is a superb vehicle, containing three separate compartments—one for a private room, another for a bathroom, and the third for attendants and the baggage. The machine is capable of running sixty miles an hour. It may be superfluous to add that the automobile is steel-clad inside.

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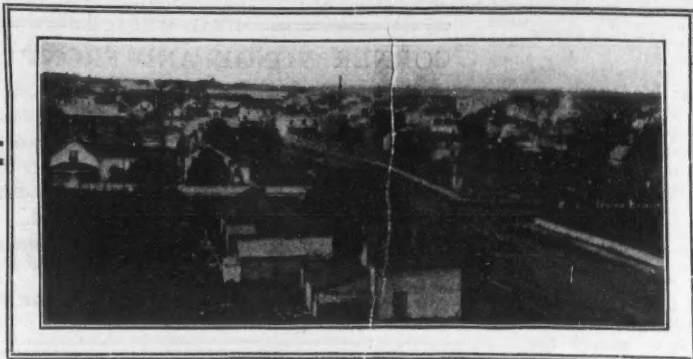
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Do You Really Know About the West?

Its Growth
Its Possibilities



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF EDMONTON.

By G. G. S.
LINDSEY

ONE is decidedly embarrassed with riches in attempting in one short article to say anything regarding the Canadian West that will be deserving of any large measure of interest in the East; yet I feel that no occasion should be lost that serves to make Canadians generally familiar with at least the main features of the newer and greater Canada that lies beyond the great lakes, and I welcome, therefore, an invitation to discuss the subject briefly in these columns.

One must distinguish, in the first place, between the two great natural divisions of the West, separated from each other by that giant chain of mountains which contain the springs and sources of the noble and intricate river systems of the continent. The two divisions differ essentially from each other. East of the mountains, the dominant, all-pervading feature is agriculture; in the mountains and west of them the leading industry is mining. Without straining at alliteration, one may say that the wealth of the plains is represented by crops and cattle, that of the mountains and beyond by coal and copper.

That does not tell all the story, of course. In British Columbia alone the last decade has seen progress so amazing and diversified that one might fill a volume in recording it, but to which I can only refer in passing. To coal and copper may be added lead and lumber, fish and fruit, on all of which great industries have been established, and the further inevitable expansion of which as labor and capital are attracted to this great province—the area of which alone, be it remembered, equals that of Great Britain and France or Germany combined—will provide substantial livelihood for hundreds of thousands of workmen, and will no doubt enrich a large proportion of those who go in as pioneers, possessed of capital in the form of either money or labor. Perhaps the populous and delightful city of Vancouver, with its spacious streets and handsome residences, its huge docks and its varied industries, its three daily newspapers, and its 45,000 people—all a dazzling transformation from the primeval forest of twenty years ago—is the best single example I can cite of the prosperity and stability, the rich reward for enterprise and industry that lie in Canada beyond the mountains.

But it is, after all, to the great plains of Canada that the eyes of the world are turned to-day, and it is here, east of the mountains, that we find the land which Canadians have especially in mind to-day when they speak of the West. Here is taking place before our eyes one of the most wonderful migrations in the history of the world. Here are coming, fast as ships and trains can bring them, in ever-increasing numbers, but numbers that already reach the startling figure of almost two hundred thousand yearly, yeomen and tradesmen, artisans and laborers, men of wealth and men of no wealth, men of every occupation and men of no occupation, married and single, bachelors and spinsters, drawn from every white race in the world. Most of all, they are coming, and most happily is it so, from the historic islands that cradled our own race, and from across the invisible boundary line that parts us politically from our kinsmen of the same race on this continent. More than half the immigrants of the past year came from these two sources, and we may therefore feel pretty sure that the stock of the Canada that is to be will lack nothing of the strong fibre and sterling qualities that distinguished the older branches of the common race, while on the other hand as it assimilates in the great crucible of the West the elements gathered from the world at large, it will attain a more composite and many-sided character in which perhaps a larger place than at present obtains will be given to the romantic and picturesque side of life. With these newcomers from other lands, moreover, our own young men from the East, from the provinces down by the sea, from ancient Quebec, and from our own Ontario, are going in as doctors and lawyers, teachers and journalists, merchants and manufacturers, the leaders generally in enterprise and development, in politics and social life, carrying with them in all their integrity those British ideals of law and order, those principles of enlightened democracy, which in their operation in older Canada for half a century, has made this country one of the chosen communities of the earth.

NOW let us see the land where all these races meet on common ground without fear or favor to any nationality. A thousand miles from Winnipeg westward, almost a thousand miles from the American boundary northward, extends the great plateau of black fertile soil, which needs but to be tickled with a plough to laugh prodigiously with a harvest. Forty years ago Sir William Butler, a British officer yet living and holding high office in the Imperial service, wrote of the country as "The Great Lone Land." Thirty years ago it was still given over to the Indian and the buffalo. Twenty years ago the railway arrived, a streak of steel from ocean to ocean, and awoke the plains from their long age of solitude. Ten years ago, a few thousand settlers were doubtfully pioneering on carefully selected lands along the railway. Five years ago the great migration came with a rush, and year by year the wave of settlement has increased in size and strength, and rolled further and further west and north, finding always the same matchless soil, and a climate unrivalled in producing health and vigor, whether of man or plant. The wheat line, which at first crept cautiously along the southern boundary, gradually moved northwesterly, following the isothermal lines, until the great valley north of the boundary was reached, a thousand miles north of the boundary, and still the limit of the wheat area is not touched. Already a million of people live in the three provinces of the plains, half of them in the oldest and smallest of the three, Manitoba, which, because it is only 116,000 square miles in area, a paltry place of the size of Great Britain and Ireland, has been dubbed "a postage-stamp of a province." The two larger and younger provinces, so young that the question of capitals still raises sore feelings, contain between them half a million square miles, and about the same number of human beings, or one to a square mile. In Belgium, it may be remarked, the

most thickly settled country in Europe, the density of population to the square mile is between five and six hundred. Naturally, most of the population is agricultural in these three provinces, and farms run larger there than in new countries where land is less abundant and more costly. The average settler takes his quarter section of 160 acres and frequently adds another or two others to it as he prospers in life. Occasionally, too, we find great farms covering one, two, or three thousand acres, these being usually the enterprises of the wealthier American settlers who have come over to us. In spite of these great farms and the large average of the smaller farms, so slight is the inroad yet made by settlers on the total area that it does not constitute more than ten per cent. in Manitoba and five per cent. in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Those, therefore, who, looking at the development taking place to-day, and realizing the immense resources of the West, declare their conviction that the country is even now at the beginning only of a great era of progress and prosperity, are probably well within the limits of reason, and are making no idle boast.

NEEDLESS to say, the first thin streak of steel that heralded the making of the West has proved the forerunner of many railways. The pioneer line of the C.P.R., itself built amid many qualms as to ultimate paying power, and half political in its original scope, gradually developed branches and bought or leased small independent lines until a map of its roads in Manitoba gave Winnipeg an octopus-like appearance, and in the western provinces slender stems ran up into the north country, touching Prince Albert and Edmonton respectively. But it became evident that one railway system, no matter how enterprising, or extensive, could not serve so vast a country, and a great era of railway construction set in simultaneously with the movement of population to the plains. Each reacted on the other, and provoked yet greater and greater increase respectively in immigration and railway building. The second transcontinental to arrive on the prairie was the Canadian Northern, which will this year take out the first crop over a large part of its line from Winnipeg to Edmonton. Then a third began to be mooted, and backed by the Government of Canada, the Grand Trunk Pacific is building rapidly through the wheat country this present summer, and will later push through to the ocean on both sides of the continent. Simultaneously each of the trunk lines is straining every nerve to build more and more branches, crossing and interlacing each other until already the prairie, as we look at the map, seems fairly grid-ironed with railways under construction or definitely projected. But it will be many years before the West will be fully equipped with railways if the settlement continues at its present rate. Early in the present season the amount of railway mileage under actual construction, or the construction of which had been definitely promised for the crop of 1906, was estimated at fifty-five hundred miles. Despite promises and the most desperate desire and attempt to fulfil them, it is obvious that so herculean a task is too great for one season. The sooner the railways are built, the better for all parties. Settlers have of late preceded the railways into many districts, and the roads are now building breathlessly to overtake them, and to keep each other out of some particular spot in the chosen land. The sooner the railway and the settler are in touch the better for each. Even to-day settlers are deliberately taking up land seventy or eighty miles from present railways, confident that within a year or two the steel will reach them. Let us assume that of the 5,500 miles promised for construction this year only one-half is built, or in round figures 2,500 miles. Does the average man realize precisely what this means for the West apart from the value of the road for transportation? The estimated cost for constructing the prairie sections of the Grand Trunk Pacific was \$20,000 per mile. For the 2,500 miles constructed this year, therefore an expenditure of \$50,000,000 would be made, and it is hard to over-estimate the importance of the distribution of so vast a sum in a sparsely settled new country. Money is plentiful, work is abundant, and poverty is eliminated from the life of the people. This last perhaps is the most distinctive and the happiest feature of the West. There are no out-of-works, no unemployed, and you may hunt the great plains from end to end without finding any indication of want. There is no congestion of labor. Indeed, as we know with the coming of harvest every year, and this year particularly, there is a great cry for men, and laborers go out in their thousands from the east to the west, only to make the problem more perplexing a year later, for half the harvest hands stay west and become producers themselves. How the crop itself has progressed with the settlement of the country is an old story, but we may see clearly in glancing back a few years. The total wheat crop for the five years from 1890 to 1894 was 83,000,000 bushels; this came from Manitoba alone, the provinces further west hardly figuring then as wheat producers. The single crop of 1905 equalled that of the five years in question, and this year there is every indication that the harvest will reach higher figures yet. The magnitude of a wheat crop of between eighty and ninety millions for a population of barely a million is better realized when we remember that the United Kingdom, with forty-two millions of people, produces only about fifty millions. Here we are undoubtedly destined to see great expansion on the part of Canada, and may reasonably expect this great crop to be doubled or trebled within ten or fifteen years, so that as the wheat exports of the United States decline with the increase of its own population, we shall see our own wheat take its place in the British market.

Wheat is not, of course, the only great crop of the West. Oats and barley are raised in prodigious quantities, the yield increasing as we proceed north, but these products are consumed chiefly in the West, though contributing largely to exports later in the form of well-fattened cattle. Cattle I mentioned at the outset of this letter as one of the sources of western wealth. It is one that promises, like wheat, to expand indefinitely. The day of the great rancher is indeed passing. Lands that

have been held as fit only for his use prove on closer investigation to have all the necessary properties for wheat raising, while in other cases arid or semi-arid land has been made fertile by irrigation. I have only to mention on the one hand the region about Saskatoon, long surrendered to ranchers, now thickly settling with prospering farmers, and on the other, the irrigation enterprises at Lethbridge and Calgary, and yet a third proposed at Medicine Hat. With the disappearance of the rancher as time passes, however, the farmer takes his place, even as cattle breeder, and the total of cattle available for export will show a steady increase as the farmer increases this branch of his business.

RAILWAY building is not the only great constructive work proceeding in the West at the present time. If we turn to the cities, we find activity in every direction. Winnipeg itself is a marvel of industry, and is growing furiously. Five years ago the census gave it 45,000; to-day the census gives it 90,000. The building permits of Winnipeg last year, at \$12,000,000, headed the record for the cities of Canada; this year these enormous figures will still be bettered. The growth of recent years is continuing, and there seems good ground for believing that Winnipeg is destined to pass all eastern communities and become not only the real metropolis of the West, a dignity it has had from the first, but, the first city of Canada. Despite the almost startling rapidity of building, there is practically a famine in houses in Winnipeg, and rents are higher than in Toronto, much as they have increased in the latter city of late years. This great amount of building represents of course not only the labor employed in construction, but the subsequent labor of those who will occupy the new premises, whether they are factories or warehouses, offices or stores, mansions or cottages, and are an index of the extraordinary growth and activity of the city. There are in fact great enterprises on foot in Winnipeg, and perhaps the chief among them is the careful and concerted attempt to convert Winnipeg into a manufacturing centre, by utilizing the waste power from Winnipeg River. That the attempt will be at least a partial success we may take for granted. The lighter manufactures will undoubtedly be largely produced at Winnipeg, and this, added to the unique position of the city as a distributing centre, will be sufficient to ensure the rapid development of the prairie metropolis into a really great city.

All other western communities are miniatures of Winnipeg, with respect to the conditions I have described. Go where you will, Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, Moosejaw, Calgary, Edmonton, it is the same story. Everywhere there is the same pressure of population, demanding in every city a greater growth than has been achieved. There is never a vacant house to be seen, and in most, if not all, of the cities I have named, there are hundreds of people living in tents, and cheerfully preparing in many cases to spend the winter there. Houses are not to be had for love or money. This development of cities in the West is a new feature. So late as five years ago there was only the city of Brandon that could muster five thousand people apart from Winnipeg. Now Brandon has been left well in the rear by the distant cities of Calgary and Edmonton, which have developed from straggling little towns into handsome and well-equipped modern cities. Calgary has trebled its population within five years, and on the census figures to-day has 12,000, while Edmonton, the capital of the new Province of Alberta, standing a few hundred behind Calgary, has done proportionately better, having more than quadrupled since 1901. The race for second position among cities west of Winnipeg lies no doubt between Calgary and Edmonton, and he would be rash who attempted to-day to decide between them. Both, I doubt not, are destined to become populous and prosperous cities, and the distance of 200 miles between them will prevent the rivalry being ever anything but a healthy one. Moosejaw and Regina are a stage behind the two cities named, but appear to be growing not less rapidly to-day. The most astonishing growth of all is that of Saskatoon, which from a population of 113 in 1901 has shot up to over 3,000 in 1906.

I should not say that the growth of these cities, rapid as it has been, has been unsound or out of proportion to the development of the land around, by which they must be sustained, and for which they have become the respective distributing centres. There is room for a further development of each and all of them, and this will no doubt proceed at a rapid rate, but whether all will justify the high prices to which real estate has been rushed in anticipation of the bigger populations, is a delicate question which I should not like to decide. The fact that Edmonton at one time this summer supported sixty-three real estate offices is sufficient to show the activity in land at that centre at least. Not that it was all in Edmonton real estate by any means. There is a vast amount, almost a dangerous amount, of speculation in farm lands among the agricultural population as well as among townspeople, and this helps

in supporting the land prices in the city. Farm lands are yet so far below their ultimate intrinsic value, comparing them with prices in Ontario or in the United States, that I suppose we may look with equanimity on the wide speculation in them. Apart from the inevitable inducement to perhaps unhealthy activity in land, the growth of the new western cities is a great gain to the country. Each of them is already the centre of a steadily widening circle of intellectual influence, and must have an elevating and refining effect upon the life of the West, a life that will nevertheless for many a year retain a freer, easier, and less conventional atmosphere than we know in the east.

THERE are many other aspects of the West to which I should refer, but I have already written more than you would wish. On one other point, which concerns the east vitally, I must touch, though briefly. For many years to come the prosperity of the east will be bound up with, almost based on, that of the West. Already to-day the industrial activity that reigns from Halifax to Hamilton is attributable largely to the abounding prosperity of the West, which is making itself felt to the furthest confines of Confederation; and we are only at the beginning of things. Everybody says so in the West, and everybody believes it. But I am not sure that our eastern manufacturers and men of commerce have even yet fully grasped the situation. It is necessary that they should be keen and alert to the last degree. They must keep constantly in touch, moreover, with all the varying phases of Western development. Western Canada is in a kaleidoscopic stage just now, and is being continually transformed and retransformed. The West of to-day is very different from the West of five years ago, and the West of five years hence, we may depend upon it, will be very different from that of to-day. Our manufacturers and merchants are men of affairs, and our statesmen must keep themselves continually in touch with the West as it is in its constantly changing aspect. The eastern press must do much of this educative work, and I am sure will not neglect an opportunity so far-reaching in character for using its influence in building up a united and prosperous Canada.

Toronto, Sept., '06.

Great interest attends the approaching Annual Advertising Show to be held in Chicago from October 8 to 16, inclusive, as attested in the flood of inquiries pouring in on the managers, J. L. Bieder and George F. Parker, two young men who a year ago hit upon the unique idea of exploiting in a practical manner the various schemes and devices of business advertising, the actual entries that are being made and exhibits arranged for, and the broadness of scope as outlined in the far distant countries to be represented. This year the "Battle of Brains," as the Advertising Show has been aptly described by an expert advertiser, will reveal the most advanced steps in the art, profession or industry, as the case may be, and the results will be edifying, instructive and interesting from every standpoint, and more or less sensational in a number of instances in the very originality and novelty of the display. The arrangement of the exhibition, with newspaper plants, novelty apparatus, electrical displays, lithographing plants, batteries of machines of all sorts and kinds, and all the field occupied by mechanical power and ingenuity will be grouped in a long series of attractive displays in full operation submitted for public inspection, and the particular attention of the advertising experts who are coming from all parts of the world. An advertising agency from far off Australia will establish headquarters in the beautiful Coliseum building during the show. Advertising experts are coming from that country and several of the countries of Europe, and a number of publications will be issued during the progress of the show, keeping every one in complete touch with every detail.

The interesting fact is pointed out in the *Canadian Magazine* that it is now fairly well settled that the first Canadian novel was written in 1824, and printed at Kingston, the title being *St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada*. The author of that novel was Julia Catherine Beckwith, whose maiden name was Duplessis. She was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1796, began writing the book referred to in Nova Scotia when only 17 years old, and finished it in New Brunswick. In 1820 her family removed to Kingston, Upper Canada, where two years later she married George Henry Hart, a bookbinder. Two years after publishing her first book she left Kingston and followed her husband to the United States (1826). In 1831 she published a second book, *Tomewante, or the Adopted Son of America*. She died at Fredericton in 1867. Through her mother she was related to the French-Canadian historian, Abbe Ferland. Only two copies of *St. Ursula's Convent* are known to exist, one at Niagara, and the other in the Toronto Public Library, the latter being the only perfect copy.



THE LABOR DAY PARADE, ON QUEEN STREET APPROACHING SPADINA AVENUE

Bowel Troubles of Childhood

It is impossible to exaggerate the value of FRUIT-A-TIVES as a medicine for children. They contain no alcohol—no morphine or cocaine—no dangerous drugs of any kind.

Fruit-a-tives are fruit juices—concentrated and combined with the most valuable tonics and internal antiseptics known to medicine.

Fruit-a-tives are free of calomel, cascara, senna and the host of violent purgatives that simply act by irritating the bowels. Fruit-a-tives are made from fruit and tonics and are pleasant to take, and so mild in their action that they never gripe or pain.

During the summer, when children are so apt to eat improperly, mothers should have a box of Fruit-a-tives always handy.

At the first sign of Diarrhoea, Indigestion, Headaches, Biliousness, Peevishness, Vomiting—give Fruit-a-tives according to directions. These splendid fruit liver tablets will instantly correct faulty digestion—clean and sweeten the stomach—regulate the bowels, kidneys and skin—and so invigorate and strengthen the whole system, that the little ones can quickly throw off the temporary illness.

Get a box now—to-day. 50c. a box or 6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES
LIMITED,
OTTAWA.

CLARK'S



Clark's Corned Beef

All good meat, boneless and wasteless. Open the germ proof can and it is ready-to-serve at any hour. Order some from your dealer to-day.

WM. CLARK, Mfr.
Montreal.

For the Asking

The best table salt costs no more than the poorest—and can be had for the asking.

Windsor SALT

Is sold in practically every grocery store in Canada—and is the best. Ask for it.

DR. JOHN A. BOWEN
Dentist

Room 27—2 College St. Phone M. 4705



WEDDING CAKES

are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped safely by express to all parts of the Dominion.

CATALOGUE FREE

The Harry Webb Co.
LIMITED
447 Yonge St. Toronto

Generous Uncle—I will make you a monthly allowance, but, understand me, I will pay no debts!
Nephew—All right, uncle. Neither will I—Tales.

GIVING LANDLORD BILL A SCARE

OLD BEN, the stage driver, had been too long on the road to trust to any hint except a broad one, and so, as he climbed down over the front wheel when the "royal mail" stopped at Miller's Corners, he was invited by the solitary passenger who got off there to come on and have something.

Old Ben went in with the stranger, and, as usual, asked for a boot-leg of beer, and, as usual, got a mere slipperful, such as the evil times he has seen come upon the land.

The stranger behaved curiously. He ordered a glass of Walker's Club, but he didn't pour it out. Instead, he held the bottle in his hand until Old Ben had swallowed the beer, then bade him farewell, and, still with the bottle in his hand, accompanied him to the door. As the old

and the landlord looked unutterable things.

The stranger walked over to the table to examine the food thereon, and at that moment there was a creaking of the door, and the landlord's wife entered the room, and rushed at the stranger.

"Billy, good old Billy," she said, catching him by the arms and kissing him whether or no. "This is my brother Billy," she said to her husband. "He ain't no inspector—it's just one of his larks."

The stranger laughed. "I just wanted to see what kind of a lobster my little sister had married."

Plain Bill Smith grinned all over. "I guess you found out all right enough. Come and have something out of that new bottle I just pulled."

"Well," said the long-lost brother,



"Good Old Billy!"

stage rattled away, he came back to the bar.

"Are you the landlord?" asked the stranger.

"I am," answered plain Bill Smith, standing in his own bar.

"And this is Walker's Club whiskey—case goods?"

"That's what it is," said the landlord.

"Very well," said the stranger. "I shall pour myself one drink—so—and put a little water in it—like this—and drink it off, after this fashion. Very good. Now I shall cork the bottle—so—and paste over the cork this seal, just as you see me—there. Now there's what you are selling as case goods. This is a fair sample. I can test this. I'm the new License Inspector, and I'm taking samples and testing the liquor sold in all the licensed houses."

Plain Bill Smith, the landlord, was taken aback.

"What you goin' to do with that there bottle of liquor?" he asked.

"I'm going to analyse it," said the stranger. "I'm going to see whether water or other adulterants have been put into it since it was bottled and sealed by the manufacturers. The Whitney Government are determined to put a stop to the sale of doctored liquors."

"And this is what the Whitney Government is doing to me," exclaimed the landlord. "Say, stranger, have a drink of this," and he hurriedly began to nuzzle the cork of a bottle swathed in the paper in which the manufacturer had wrapped it.

"No," said the stranger. "I only drink for testing purposes."

"But, see here," said plain Bill Smith, "that ain't no fair test, that bottle ain't, that you've got your seal on. It's been knocking round the bar for two days. Lots of fellows come in here, and pour out drinks, nut water in 'em, and then decide that they've got more than they need. They pour some of it back. That lets water into the bottle. I can't break 'em of doin' that."

"Well," replied the stranger, "I've nothing to do with that. If there's any trace of water in this liquor you can do your explaining later on, and we'll consider it. But I'm not here for this only. I want to wash my hands. Show me to the place where chance-comers can get a wash. No, not upstairs—downstairs. That's a dirty-looking trough to wash in. When was that towel out there? This mornin'! Well, you'd better put a new towel here twice each day."

The landlord declared that he had arranged that very day to have a fresh towel put on each day at noon.

"Before I go upstairs to see the bedrooms, show me the dining-room," demanded the stranger. "The Whitney Government are determined that those who keep hotels must keep flies out of the dining-rooms."

The landlord explained that the dining-room girl had left them the week before, and the new girl kept letting flies in at a fearful rate. Her carelessness nearly drove him crazy.

"I am compelled," said the stranger, "to take a hotel as I find it. Show me your dining-room just as it is now, at this moment."

The landlord threw the door open, and a solitary individual was at table. It was just the landlord's luck that this man, at that precise moment, should have arisen and, with a palm-leaf fan, was making a vicious swat at countless flies that infested the table.

"Bad—abominable—the worst I've ever seen," exclaimed the stranger,

"if you don't mind, I'd rather take it out of the new bottle than out of the other one—the one fellows pour stuff into when they have filled their glasses too full."

"Well, say," declared the landlord, in his relief, "you know I couldn't believe that Whitney would send a man like you down here to soak me. Me—why I guess I done more to elect the Whitney Government than any ten men in this county."

DRUMMER.

Toronto, August 26.

HOW SHE CAPTURED HIM

THE athletic young man, who was looking slightly bored, was on his way to tell his hostess good night. Just then he caught sight of the oddly

pretty girl in the yellow gown whom he had been introduced to earlier in the evening, and whom he had not been able to get within speaking distance of since then, owing to the exigencies of a large dinner party. Now she was sitting alone. He altered his course so that he brushed by her. "Er—I'll say good-night, Miss Hinchshaw," he remarked, rather lamely. "I'm glad to have met you."

"Are you? Why?" calmly inquired the girl in yellow.

The athletic young man looked startled, and stared at her in open confusion. She was clearly waiting for an answer to her uncomfortable and unconventional question.

"Why—that is, I—any one would be glad to meet you."

The young woman in yellow was gazing at him in an entirely self-possessed and interested manner. "Yes," she said, meditatively. "But that doesn't explain why you claim to be glad. We never met before in our lives, and all we ever said to each other was a mumble when we were introduced. We never exchanged a solitary word in our whole existence, and so you must see that it is amusing for you to say you are glad to have met me."

"The young man looked around rather wildly for a chair and sat down. It had been his intention when he had started for his hostess to slip away to his club, where he was expected, but it somehow escaped his mind. He regarded the girl in yellow keenly, but all he could see in her large brown eyes was purely speculative interest in the question she had raised.

"I still insist," he said, firmly, after he had got his breath, "that I am glad to have met you. How do you know but that since I learned your name this evening I have been desperate because I couldn't get near you to talk to you?"

The girl in yellow laughed amusedly. "You've never thought of me from the moment you met me till now," she said, authoritatively. "You have been bored to death all evening, and were making for the door as fast as you could when you were so unwise as to make that remark to me."

"Why unwise?" inquired the young man.

"Because it has detained you," said the girl in yellow.

"You don't see me making any feebler effort to get away, do you?" inquired the young man, settling himself. "I kind of feel that you doubt my word, you see. I want to convince you that I meant what I said."

The girl in yellow laughed again. Her eyes danced.

"They all say it," she said, musingly. "It's a stock phrase. I say it

myself. Only the idiocy of the remark has struck me more than once, and to-night somehow it irritated me, and that's why I wanted explanations when you said you were glad to have met me. I hope you don't mind."

"On the contrary," said the young man, promptly.

He had noticed a particularly fascinating angle of her head, and was watching for her to turn so he could catch it again. "It seems to me," he said, mournfully, "that you are treating me unfairly. I may have used a stock phrase, but it expressed my meaning exactly. You wouldn't have had me say more on such short acquaintance, would you?"

"You have a convincing manner," she smiled at him, "but then most lawyers do. I stick to my argument. If you had been really glad to meet me, you wouldn't have passed the whole evening talking to Mrs. Stepps. You—"

"Mrs. Stepps leads her husband around on a string," broke in the young man, "and if she approves of me, she'll make him give me his next big law case."

"I like your frankness," said the girl in yellow. "How do you know that I won't run and tell her what you have just said?"

The young man shook his head. "You're not that kind," he retorted. "You may not believe me, but I wanted to talk to you all the evening, only there was always a crowd around you."

"If I were a man I shouldn't be afraid of a crowd," said the girl, scoffingly. "But that wasn't what we started to argue about."

"It's a lot more interesting topic," pegged the young man. "The main point is that you don't believe what I said to you at first."

"I most certainly don't," agreed the girl in yellow, with cheerful calmness. "There isn't any reason why I should. Do you know, every one else has gone but us, and here comes our hostess!"

An expression of disappointment swept over the young man's face. "I'm not half done with what I want to say," he cried. "May I come to see you soon and finish convincing you?"

"I should be glad to see you any time," said the girl in yellow.

The young man was making his adieux. "I've had a delightful time, Mrs. Phipps," he said, with a voice full of enthusiasm.

"Didn't I hear him asking to call, Mabel?" Mrs. Phipps inquired, turning on the girl in yellow. "How did you do it?" I've never known him to be in the least interested in a girl before. You are an artful creature! What did you say to him?"

"I merely upset his composure," chuckled the girl in yellow.

The older woman looked at her shrewdly.

"Well, I rather think you have," she said.—Chicago "News."

A Graceful Rebuke.

Dr. Omori, professor of seismology at the University of Tokio, told one day in San Francisco, during his study of the earthquake there, an interesting anecdote about a graceful rebuke.

"The favorite horse of the Chinese Emperor Tsi," said Dr. Omori, "died through negligence on the part of the royal master of the horse. The Emperor was so enraged at this that he drew his sword, and would have run the careless functionary through the body."

"But the learned mandarin, Yent-Se, struck up the Emperor's sword, saying:

"Sire, this man has not yet been formally accused of any crime. He deserves to die, but his accusation should come first. It is the law."

"Well," said the Emperor, "tell him what he has done."

"Listen, you rogue," said the mandarin, turning to the trembling master of the horse, "listen to a catalogue of your heinous offences. In the first place, you have allowed a horse to perish that His Majesty had entrusted to your care. In the second place, it is on your account that the Emperor became so exasperated that he was about to slay you with his own hand. Finally, through your fault, our sovereign was actually on the point of disgracing himself in all his people's eyes by killing a man for the sake of a horse."

"Enough," said the Emperor, appreciating the rebuke. "Let him go. He is pardoned."

High Finance.

A man stopped a newsboy in New York, saying: "See here, son, I want to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you half a dollar if you direct me to it."

With a grin the boy replied: "All right, come along." And he led the man to a building half a block away.

The man duly paid the promised fee, remarking: "That was half a dollar easily earned, son."

"Sure!" responded the lad; "but you mustn't forget that bank directors are paid high in Noo-Yawk."—American "Spectator."

He Misunderstood.

"Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply.

"Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate.

"Yes, sor," said Pat; "both av thim."—"Tit-Bits."

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General Manager.

Regatta at the King's Royal

THE first regatta to be given in many years in Owen Sound was held on the beautiful waters of Georgian Bay, opposite the King's Royal Hotel, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, and was witnessed by hundreds of interested spectators.

The day was an ideal one so far as weather conditions were concerned, and the picture presented was a magnificent one. Scores of people lined the shores and landing piers, while the spacious balconies and commodious verandahs with which the King's Royal abounds, were filled with guests, all of whom had an excellent view of the entire course. Out on the water the scene presented was none the less pleasing. Numerous gaily decorated sailboats moved gracefully about, and, while rowboats and canoes, each bearing its quota of humanity, were in evidence everywhere. The course was a triangular one, having the starting and finishing buoys directly in front of the hotel. The races during the entire course were visible to everyone, which added much to the pleasure of watching the different contests.

To Mr. J. K. McLaughlin, manager of the Park Company, is due the credit of introducing the regatta into the list of sports and pastimes in Owen Sound, and that gentleman states that it is the intention to hold a series of these regattas every two weeks during next season, for which magnificent silver trophies will be provided.

The programme commenced with a contest between two sailboats manned by Dr. J. G. Somerville and Norman Lawrence. Both boats kept well together, and the result was in doubt all the way to the finish, when the latter passed the line about four boat lengths ahead, and was adjudged the winner.

In the motor boat race, twenty feet or over, there were four contestants, Messrs. Thompson Bros., "Kathleen," James E. Cameron's "Ida C.," William Craig's "Vida," and Silk Bros.' "Silk." The distance was four miles, and was covered by Mr. Cameron's boat in 21 minutes, beating his nearest opponent, Mr. Craig, by 11 seconds. Messrs. Silk Bros. were third, and Messrs. Thompson Bros. fourth.

In the 20-foot and under class the entries were: Mr. A. J. Frost's "60," Mr. W. H. Taylor's "Dora," Mr. W. E. Tucker's "Donell," and Mr. Charles Massie's "Water Wagon." Mr. Frost got a slight lead in the start, which he maintained all the way, covering the four miles in 27 minutes, and beating Mr. Taylor by 17 1/2 seconds; Mr. Tucker got third place, and the ladies' single skiff race was won by Miss Bessie McKnight.

In the boys' race the winners were Norman Lymburner, Willard Ryan and George Ewing. For the canoe race, double paddle, Messrs. F. E. Price and T. P. Lancaster were first. D. Hay and A. Malone second, and H. Brownlee and S. V. Jannerette third.

In the single paddle race H. Brownlee was first, S. Pearce second, and D. Hay third. The judges were Captain George McDougall of the "Athabasca" and Judge Chadwick of Guelph. Mr. James McLaughlin officiated as the starter, and Mr. J. J. Douglas acted as timekeeper. Mr. J. P. Vick was course director. The 31st regimental band rendered a choice musical programme during the evening.

A "Spell-binder" Equal to the Occasion.

An orator who was equal to an emergency was the late George A. Sheridan, who was a noted "spell-binder," often engaged by the Republican National Committee. At a big meeting he was addressing in a town near New York he was introduced by a Mr. O'Brien, the chairman, in most flattering terms. In order to reciprocate, Mr. Sheridan paid a glowing tribute to the sterling qualities of the chairman, and wound up the eulogy by asserting that no man could say Mr. O'Brien owed him a cent.

"He owes me three dollars!" came a keen Celtic voice from the rear of the audience.

It was almost a solar-plexus blow for the orator, and the audience started to laugh and jeer. Rallying, the speaker said, "Don't be alarmed, good friends; I will answer that man presently." This assertion was to gain time, and, if possible, have the audience forget the incident; but again that penetrating voice cried out:

"He owes me three dollars cold cash!"

Advancing to the edge of the platform, General Sheridan, in a confidential tone, said, "Yes; I know all about

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the three dollars, for my friend, Mr. O'Brien, has given me the inside facts. Ladies and gentlemen, the truth is simply this, and it reveals a peculiar character. This man who has interrupted me met Mr. O'Brien recently and asked him for the loan of ten dollars. 'I haven't got ten,' said the generous Mr. O'Brien, 'but here are seven dollars,' handing the money to him. Now this man is going around saying my friend, the honorable chairman, owes him three dollars, because he could lend him only seven dollars when ten were requested.' A roar of laughter filled the hall, and the indignant man tried to answer the orator. He was howled down. The chairman whispered in General Sheridan's ear, "You have saved me—you are a genius."—"Saturday Evening Post."

The Chorus Girl.

The chorus girl, hitherto known only behind the footlights, is now beginning to attract attention off the stage.

Chorus girls are found in all parts of the temperate regions as far west as Omaha, as far east as Williamsburg, and as far south as Fourteenth Street. They range in height from four to seven feet, and in depth according to your resources.

They are animal, vegetable, and mineral, and when analyzed assay about four pounds of brass to the ton. Chorus girls subsist on all kinds of foods, drinks, chappies, and angels. When not employed they often move in the best society.

The age of the chorus girl varies from 14 to 114.

The origin of the chorus girl is lost in obscurity, but she is supposed to have come from Kentucky via the Boston Back Bay.—"Life."

Disowning a Nephew.

A proud young father telegraphed the news of his new responsibility to his brother in this fashion. "A handsome boy has come to my house, and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him a proper welcome." The brother, however, failed to see the point, and replied: "I have not got a nephew. The young man is an impostor."—"Buffalo Commercial."

Exactly.

The Hackman (at Niagara)—That's the Horseshoe Fall.

The Tourist (from Eden Valley)—I see. An' that there other one's the Horsepower Fall, eh?—"Puck."

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Lady Gay's Column

HAVE you found out what your yellow streak is? We each have one, you know; sometimes we go on gaily unconscious of it all our lives, even though hosts of our fellows could place an unerring finger on it any day. There was a man whose days were full of honor, and who died in the odor of sanctity. His yellow streak came out in his will. It was jealousy of as true a wife as ever wore her life away in an unworthy wedlock. There was another who had a yellow streak which came out in the treatment of a parent; people knew about it, and said things, as they always do. It sets one wondering what crowning meanness may be settling down to business, what microbe of pettiness may be even now nestling somewhere in one's anatomy, or, sad to relate, may be flaunting its sorry color in the faces of all one's friends, unknown to its unhappy owner. A yellow streak does not necessarily imply worthlessness. You and I, who are delightful people, each have one. The yellow streak seems to be ineradicable somehow. Perhaps you know yours, perhaps I know mine, perhaps we try, with loathing of the soul, to wash it out of my being; perhaps, God knows, we need the consciousness of it to keep us properly alert. The yellow streak doesn't always exact these ideas nor provoke these disciplines. I have known it to be regarded as pure gold by its possessor, and gloried in as proof of ability and acumen. The yellow streak makes a man fleece his neighbor, sneer away his character, decry his achievements; it makes a woman do even worse than that; there are so many ways in which a yellow streak spells ruin!

A friend writes from the States: "I did not know the roads in Newfoundland were fit for motoring, or that one could make a tour there." People have funny ideas of the Tenth Island. Never have I enjoyed tearing through any country, nor found better going, nor more exhilarating conditions generally than in that dear spot. A kind host, a dandy car, a chauffeur who can go over any sort of track, turn on the edge of a precipice or in a bunch of boulders as big as beehives, and the bracing salt air filling one's lungs, while laughter greeted every "slew" and bump which sent her into my lap or me into hers, or stood us up in the tonneau, while fragmentary ejaculations which sounded like prayers broke from her lips. She was a nice girl, but she hadn't nerves for over thirty miles an hour. There are the sweetest rides all around "Avallon," which is the peninsula round about St. John's. A little run which has capital roads and a neat little luncheon or tea-house en route is out to Pettit Harbor. If one motors out to Torbay one meets the jolliest priest—Father Clark—who has the glad hand and the hearty welcome for the wayfarer in the "Devil wagon." If one elect to go to Tonsill, where is a splendid nebbly beach, and where the "fust families" from town have pretty summer places, one can dine, and motor home in delectable moonshine. Travelling by rail, far around Conception Bay, I met a motor car full of gay chaps, touring its beautiful shore roads. My heart ached with envy as they left the leisurely little train behind, for the speed limit of the latter is strictly observed, while the former—well, they say they don't just know whether it is twenty miles an hour or twenty miles the half hour. The best way to do is to try both! I have had various theories as to what constitutes the ideal holiday, these theories changing every few years. I can recall the time when I fancied fifty and sixty miles a day on a bicycle through Erin couldn't be beaten. To-day my notion is to personally conduct some millionaire in his motor over all accessible parts of Newfoundland.

It was a glorious August afternoon; the sun bright and the air grand with the tang of the ocean. Just outside the city a mile or two lies a beautiful lake, which is called in the vernacular a pond. I drove beside it to visit a tiny fishing village I had grown to love and understand. Tourists drive out there, and look and drive back again, unhonored and unsung. But when the driver who drove on that August day sighted the tiny

when I was afraid of a stray horse, and the dust the bunch of little scuffling feet kicked up as they trotted politely behind to see no harm happened to "me duckie." The farewell was prolonged, and many were the instructions I got to go straight home, and I couldn't miss it! They poked some quiet fun at me in the city for my fad, but it was pure Newfoundland I was after, and one cannot find that in the city. Homecoming, I sit and think of the tales the real people told me—of the child that never came back—of the Lover's Leap into the ravine, and the young man's fall over the cliff, of the policeman's ghost, and the magic lights that float on the haunted hill, of wrecks and of rescues, of footsteps where no feet had been—all told by old, old men and women, who can see ahead and remember back, till one can't tell whether they're going or coming. And as I think, Toronto fades away, and I see the rocks towering on left and right, and the sea dashing in between, amid the marvel of color, and feel the clasp of close fingers, and hear the gentle little girl, who says, "Thank you, me mother's just lovely to-day, and me too; I'm beautiful, thank you," which is the sweet Newfoundland way of assuring one of the family's health and spirits.

LADY GAY.



Correspondence Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Phyllis.—The latter end of August brings you under Virgo, an earth sign, which rules from the 22nd of August to the 23rd of September. It is not characteristic of Virgo to be as indefinite as you are about dates. The harmony and order which are necessary to the comfort of Virgo persons, the impatience of authority, are not conspicuous in your study. You are in too great haste to give the proper attention to finish and detail, but you can do good work, and have excellent dash and enterprise, talent and facility, with a quaint touch of humor, hope, and some ambition; frank speech and not enough caution in meeting the world. Bright and quick perception, and some aptitude for business are shown. A tendency to value people and things from a material point of view is Virgo's chief weakness. Sorry you had to wait so long, but even correspondence editors have vacations now and then.

M. B. T.—Your writing shows hope, concentration and energy, bright but persistent purpose, frankness and an over-confidence in others; a strong trend toward pessimism, care for detail, imaginative power, some personal pride and desire for effect. There is a suggestion of selfishness, not very marked. As this is not a fortune-telling column you will excuse me from predicting the fate of your business undertakings. Here's wishing you every success. Don't leap before you look, though.

E. H. Banfi.—The "weird and hallo-ween" address need not bother you, if it brings you an answer, even after four months waiting. I trust you've had time to get rid of the pink and white horse and get a black one. Your writing suggests speculative thought and a good deal of impulse and enterprise. You like to cut a dash, and would enjoy admiration and attention. I fancy you are opinionated and apt at your work, and would not carelessly trust a fellowman with your wealth. You should be good at what is called bluff, and probably are a bright and clever talker. The writing is full of magnetism and keen observation.

Kitty Belair.—September 13 brings you under Virgo. See answer to Phyllis. It is rather curious that you and she both say you write in "fear and trembling." I agree with you about friendly criticism, we should take it in good part, if we invite it, otherwise any criticism seems to me to be rather in the nature of impertinence. I hope you won't mind my saying your writing is of the erratic order. It follows your imagination, which is undisciplined and vague. You think on practical matters with a clearness and cleverness that does credit to your sign. Praise and appreciation are sweet, but no sign can do so well without them as Virgo, whose children are apt to be satisfied with doing their best without counting on acknowledgments. You have a great deal of natural cleverness, but it would be flattery to tell you that you had achieved culture or that finished effort could be justly asked of you. You can be interesting and companionable, and no doubt are liked well by friends and intimates.

Lady Jane.—December 11 brings you under Sagittarius, and the other date comes under Scorpio. Be wary of Scorpio, unless highly developed and living on the higher plane. On account of their determination and persistence, the undeveloped Scorpio will stop at nothing to gain his purpose. He is the champion nagger about motives and concerns of others, and can

put a whole family in fear and nervous unrest. Anger, jealousy and passion are the bane of Scorpio folk, while the Scorpio wife may be flattered into amiability, the jealous Scorpio husband is a dangerous proposition. So, size up your man carefully. You are a fire child, with the direct bluntness of Sagittarius, and the decision and self-reliance which would be infuriated by petty suspicion. Your writing shows sentiment and amiability, buoyancy, hope and harmony. Courtesy and consideration are natural to you. Do not undervalue your many very excellent qualities.

Blue Bell.—The very first thing one notices in your writing is the tendency to overdo, to waste effort, and to probably prefer the speculative to the directly practical. You think all over the place. There is lots of inspiration and magnetism in your lines, but lack of control. You are not very cautious in giving confidences, but in your own way may secure valuable friendship and help in your projects. There is some susceptibility, and also some love of the beautiful shown.

Marion D.—Sure, I have been there! Thereby hangs the romance. It's one of those delightful ones that did not have a happy ending, nor never will. It will last forever and ever, and be happy just the same. As I am writing, I can recall the lovely country, the wide stretches of quiet downs, the sweet little villages, the apple trees, the elder (zidur) and the junket and clotted cream. I've been a lot with Devon folk last month, wonderful old people, down in out-of-the-way corners of Newfoundland. And they gave me clotted cream and the queer old, rough, gurgly speech of their kind. It was very jolly, and it made me recall that romance often. Some day, perhaps, you will sit in a certain cosy corner, and look at a certain pictured face, and hear about the romance that will never end, never! if you will drop me a line some day and remind me.

Berserker.—Still am I thinking of the big fire and the wide chair. The clouds have fallen since I left them, and if nothing more comes your way for a little while, don't jump at conclusions. It was so restful and lovely, and I enjoyed it more than you knew. Many thoughts and good wishes to you and the dear spot.

Biddy Bedam.—You sound like a swear, ma'am. Yes, it is truly awful, but there are some fine maids to be had—quick, respectful, sweet-tempered. I am just after getting one settled here to-day. I met quite a dozen in the far east, who were anxious to get away from Newfoundland to Canada. Treasures, every one of them, but unsophisticated and working hard for five or six dollars a month. That is in the country, of course, not in St. John's, about which city's tariff I did not inquire. If you know anyone down there they could probably send you a good maid. You would have to pay her fare, of course—second-class to Sydney, and then on by International to Montreal. Please don't write me again about it, as I have not time to open a domestic servants' agency.

Peg.—Your hopes came true. It was simply glorious. I could not tell from your writing what work would suit you best. Your writing is an aggravated back-hand, a slope which generally conveys the idea of insincerity. By this is not meant untruthfulness, but rather superficiality and lightness of calibre. March 13 brings you under Pisces, a water sign, and about this people is said that they are fond of responsibility, and those who have been trained to methodical business habits make excellent bookkeepers, cashiers and accountants. Worry, anxiety and disordered imagination are the most formidable faults of this sign. One of the greatest faults is intellectual dishonesty. Exceeding sensitiveness and some morbidity are weakening to many Pisces people. I trust your holidays were all you anticipated.

Excelsior.—If I possessed the information you require I should not give it to you, as it is too personal a matter to be discussed with a stranger. I may be in a position to find out for you the second bit of information you ask for, and will let you have it.

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A Disciple of Russell Sage

WITH the death of Russell Sage there comes into prominence another Wall street figure, whose personality and importance were overshadowed by those of the great money-lender. His trusted clerk, Charles W. Osborne, who, for twenty-five years has been the pupil and follower of Russell Sage, is now, by the term of the millionaire's will, one of the executors of the large estate, and in his hands rests the responsibility of the financier's office. "Upon him," says the Savannah "News," "will devolve the direction of the millions of the veteran of puts and calls; and from a comparatively unknown man he becomes one of the most important figures in the world of finance." He is thus further remarked upon in a despatch to the same paper:

Mr. Osborne, concerning whom the financier spoke as his confidential and trusted assistant, enjoyed the confidence of Russell Sage from the very first year he entered his employ. He is now in his sixty-seventh year, a rather slender man of about the average height. His head is surmounted by an aureole of snow-white hair, and he wears a moustache, which has also taken on the frost of age. But his complexion is ruddy, and his eyes have a way of sparkling. None who know him ever remembers to have seen him when he did not have a smile and a pleasant word.

He had a vacation once. It was in the year 1902, and for a whole week his employer did not come to the office. Mr. Osborne thought the matter over carefully, and actually took three days. He worked year in and year out over the account books, and the envelopes of securities, and never seemed to feel the need of rest.

It would hardly be correct to say that in the twenty-five years of service he was not absent, for it must be remembered that he had some time off after the madman Norcross threw the bomb in the Sage office. Mr. Osborne at the time was conducting a negotiation with a customer. He was carried from the building minus a considerable portion of his clothing, and for a time it was feared that his skull was fractured.

The quiet, well-poised man who sat behind the cashier's desk in the office in the Bank of Commerce building had much to do with the engineering of affairs in such a way that the death of Russell Sage produced scarcely a ripple on the surface of Wall street. Had the situation been less adroitly handled there might have been a storm in which many financial craft would have foundered.

Mr. Osborne, like his late employer, takes a keen delight in driving fast horses. He always owns a team at least, and frequently he may be seen on the driveways in the Borough of Brooklyn. He has been a resident of the transatlantic borough for many years. Mr. Osborne lives in unostentatious style. In summer time he makes his home in Englewood, N.J., where he has a cottage on Hillcrest avenue.

By the terms of the will of Russell Sage, Mr. Osborne is one of the three executors, and he will share with them fees of nearly \$1,000,000. His salary with Mr. Sage is said not to have

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exceeded \$5,000 a year, but by careful management he has accumulated a fortune of his own.

Marshall Field's Finesse.

Marshall Field dodged taxes of a value to him of \$400,000 a year. According to the census of 1900 the average earnings of skilled workmen is about \$400 a year. It thus required the earnings of 1,000 men each year to pay the deficit to the community that Marshall Field honestly owed.

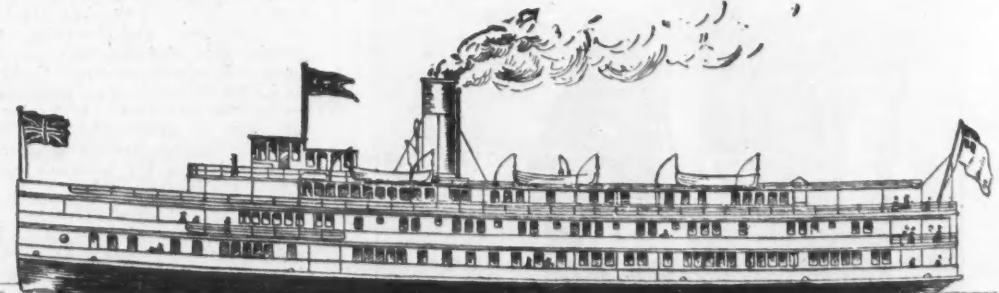
In other words, he took from the commonwealth of the city of Chicago through the dishonesty of tax-dodging the wages of 1,000 skilled workmen every year.—Pittsburg "Leader."

Up-to-Date Education.

To a large extent the movement for abolishing the use of "no, sir," or "yes, ma'am," by the school children has been anticipated. Many of them already use the simplified forms, "yep" and "nope."—Chicago "Tribune."

Potty.

He—Mrs. May-Fair had such lovely potted palms at her dinner yesterday. She—Well, I shouldn't have thought she'd have put tinned provisions on her table after what we've heard about them lately.—"Vanity Fair."



THE RICHELIEU AND ONTARIO NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW RAPIDS STEAMER.

THE accompanying cut gives a good idea of the style and proportions of the new Rapids steamer now being built for the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company by the Canadian Shipbuilding Company of Toronto. This steamer will be by far the largest vessel that has ever regularly run the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and is especially designed to give passengers large, comfortable decks, protected by permanent shade awnings. The extremely heavy traffic on this line has demonstrated that a dinner service is

not prompt enough, and arrangements are being made to install the most modern lunch-counters on this steamer, as well as on the other rapids steamers, which will overcome the difficulty. This vessel was ordered for delivery July 1, 1906, but, unfortunately, the builders will only be able to deliver her for the season of navigation 1907. Her dimensions are: Length, 240 feet; beam, 43 feet 6 inches, and draft, loaded, 6 feet. She will have ninety-four staterooms, two bath-rooms and four parlors. The hur-

cane deck will be left entirely open, and will be used as an observation deck for passengers when running the rapids. This deck will be covered with a light awning roof. The engines will be of triple-expansion, twin-screw type, each engine to have four cylinders working on four cranks, and to be jet-condensing with independent pumps. The boilers are to be of the Scotch or cylindrical return tubular type, carrying 180 pounds pressure. She will be lighted by electricity and have a searchlight.

THE DRAMA

N Reginald DeKoven and Charles Klein's comic opera, "Red Feather," which comes to the Princess Theater on September 10, for a week's engagement, the score is pleasingly varied, some of the numbers being of the ballad order, some of them humorous and some of them of superior musical worth, coming very near to the grand opera standard; but the keynote of the whole is martial, the resultant effect being stirring to the last degree. In all there are twenty-two individual



MISS CHERIDAH SIMPSON
In "Red Feather" at the Princess next week

numbers, embracing solos, duets, trios, madrigals, marches and choruses. Of these the best known are "The Little Milliner," "Lessons in Verse," "The Song of the Guards," "To Call Thee Mine," "The Merry Cavalier," "The Rose and the Breeze," "Garden of Dreams," "The Humorous Ghost" and "In Vino Veritas." Miss Cheridah Simpson, the prima donna, has, it is said, been surrounded by a thoroughly adequate supporting company of seventy people. Manager Gaites gave most careful consideration to the vocal abilities of all whom he selected for the organization, and prides himself upon having secured one of the best singing companies that has been sent on tour since the days of the Alice Neilsen Opera Company. The wealth of the scenic and costume production is well known. It is said that Florenz Ziegfeld expended over \$70,000 upon the various details of the succession of stage pictures, which can truthfully be said to be of bewildering gorgeousness. The libretto, by Charles Klein, is formed upon the imaginary happenings in the fictitious kingdom of Romancia, where usurpers, crown princes, highwaymen, sweethearts and diplomats all intrigue for the possession of a throne. The romantic tinge which is lent to every incident is the ideal coloring for a comic opera story.

No crook from the worlds of reality or romance has in recent years been more in the public eye than the gentle "Raffles," who, through the medium of a dramatic success of two seasons and the personality of dashing and handsome S. Miller Kent, will be seen at the Grand Opera House next week. Here is a crook with a character. He is warranted to wear for three hours an evening and give complete satisfaction. It is not often that a burglar is welcomed to town, but Raffles has been met at the depot of nearly every city he has visited, not by a dputation from the detective bureau, but by a brass band. "Raffles" is quite the suavest, most debonaire and

irresistible, yet warmest-hearted and most lovable villain that ever cracked a safe or went through the strong-box of a belated earl. He does not make crime attractive. No one should ever be inclined toward wrong-doing from seeing the Hornung-Presbury drama. But he wins the hearts of his audiences, and they wonder why so fine a fellow ever came to deviate from the straight and narrow path. "Raffles" references come from New York and a dozen other cities, in fact wherever he has been seen. When first produced in New York, it made the record run of the year—one of 200 nights. Mr. Kent has not visited this section in some time, and he will probably be well received. He is spoken of as a young romantic actor of promise, and in "Raffles" he has a part for which he is physically as well as temperamentally fitted. Others in the company that Manager Joseph M. Gaites has engaged for "Raffles" are Frank McCormack, who plays the part of "Captain Bedford," the detective; and Suzanne Lee, who plays "Gwendolyn."

For the week commencing Monday, September 10, at Shea's Theater, the Six Musical Cuttys will head the bill. Others who will be seen are Young and Devoie, Nora Bayes, the Village Choir, O'Brien-Havel, assisted by Effie Lawrence; Hawthorne and Burt. The kinetograph will complete the performance.

"The Ham Tree," which, through the unctuous humor of James McIntyre and T. K. Heath, flourished so happily and so long on the vaudeville stage, bloomed forth as a three-act musical comedy at the Princess on Monday, and all week has been attracting fun-loving crowds. McIntyre and Heath were probably unsurpassed as burnt-cork minstrel comedians, and they are as funny as ever. As of yore, they impersonate two Georgia minstrels. Mr. Heath, as "Henry Jones," has lured Mr. McIntyre, as "Alexander Hamilton," from his pleasant two-dollar-a-week position in a livery stable to join the minstrels, and the second act is the pair's old vaudeville turn elaborated. They are stranded at a railway water tank, and later in the woods, and the dialogue that ensues is genuinely funny, being quiet, clever and entirely free from horse-play. Their work, however, would be much more effective if they either shortened their sketch to vaudeville proportions or varied it with a little singing or dancing. W. C. Fields, the well-known tramp-juggler, is with the company, and his clever manipulation of hats, cigars, etc., is an amusing feature. Miss Jeanne Towler, the well-known stage beauty, is a centerpiece, as it were, to the play. The scenery is elaborate, and the large chorus is distinctly well-trained. Some of the effects obtained from bizarre costuming and unique grouping are quite dazzling. Frederick V. Bowers, who is manager of the Georgia Minstrels, and who does the solo work in the musical numbers, is a young man who would, in certain quarters, be termed "a swell-looking feller." His voice is not musical, but his nerve carries him through. The songs themselves are catchy and quite above the average. Altogether, "The Ham Tree" is a success. Burnt-cork artists, like the circuses, will always have a large following—at all events the best of them will. And McIntyre and Heath are among the best.

Crowded houses have greeted "Me, Him and I" at the Grand this week. This comedy has been here over and over again, but it seems to be just what a large number of people are particularly anxious to hear. B. W.

Watson, the German; Mike Kelly, the tramp, and Billy Arlington, the Irishman, work energetically from the rise to the fall of the curtain, to keep the audience laughing. A very large number of specialties are introduced, the most popular being "By the Old Oak Tree." The chorus is large and attractive.

At Shea's this week the chief attraction is the LeBrun Grand Opera Trio. Their selections from "Il Trovatore" are given with considerable artistic effect, and are well received. Eugene and Willie Howard present a new sketch, in which a Hebrew messenger boy disports himself amusingly. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher repeat their sketch, "The Halfway House." Eleanor Falk, a pretty little girl, sings entertainingly. The O'Neers Sisters perform on the tightwire, and McRae and Poole do some remarkable target shooting.

The new play announced as to be written for Eleanor Robson by Edmond Rostand, the noted French dramatist and academician, is not a new one, and it was not specially written for her. It is "La Princesse Lointaine," or a new version of it, specially devised, with the consent of M. Rostand, by Louis N. Parker, for Miss Robson.

Margaret Mayo, besides writing "Love's Victory," a new romantic play, for Florence Gale, has dramatized Upton Sinclair's widely read book, "The Jungle." It will be given its initial performance this month.

It is not surprising that American actresses with personal charms are anxious to visit England. Social victories of the kind catalogued in the following paragraph from a London paper are never achieved in America: "Miss Maxine Elliott, the beautiful American actress, will pay a round of visits to country houses in Scotland before returning to London in September. After Cowes Regatta Week



EMMA JANVIER
With Richard Carle in the "Spring Chicken," to appear soon at the Princess

she will be Mrs. Goelet's guest in Scotland; then Lord Rosebery's at Dalmeny, afterward the Duchess of Sutherland's at Dunrobin Castle. She will come south for Doncaster Race Week, and will be one of Mrs. Arthur Wilson's house party at Tranby Croft for the St. Leger races. Then she goes to Somersetshire as guest of Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel. Miss Elliott was greatly admired at Lord Rosebery's royal ball at Berkeley Square last week. She was presented to the Princess of Wales, who was charming to her. The talented American is welcome to some of the most exclusive English houses."

Mrs. Leslie Carter has distinguished the summer season of 1906 by continuous free vaudeville the length of New England, and must be accredited with several new stunts. Stolen diamonds and odorous divorces being antique limelights, the era is come for auto larks, managerial and chum spats and sleeved hysteria as fresher substitutes for attracting the free advertising spotlights and working the pumpkin-colored dailies for new half-tones and column padding. Great is the Leslie Carter as she transmogrifies into the sere American Bernhardt, but what a great Payne she has given the helpless public that is daily confronted with the billboard headlines at the breakfast table!

There are those who claim that Toronto people are notably inconsiderate in the matter of entering theaters long after the rise of the curtain, and in donning wraps and making preparations for leaving, or actually walking out, as soon as it is evident that the play is approaching its conclusion. Without drawing any comparison between this and other cities in this respect, it is enough to say that Toronto audiences are probably as bad as any. It is worth noting in this connection that on the opening night of "Captain Careless" at the Princess last week, people entered the theater and took their seats near the front of the house as late as nine o'clock. On that night this theater was attended largely by Toronto people—an average audience. This week I was at the Princess on Tuesday night. The attraction, "The Ham Tree," was one of a popular class, and the house was packed, largely by Exhibi-



S. MILLER KENT
Appearing as "Raffles" at the Grand next week

"Your New Scale Concert Grand Piano possesses unique musical characteristics that must give it a distinctive place among the great pianos of the world."

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—POL. PLANCON,
The Great French Basso.

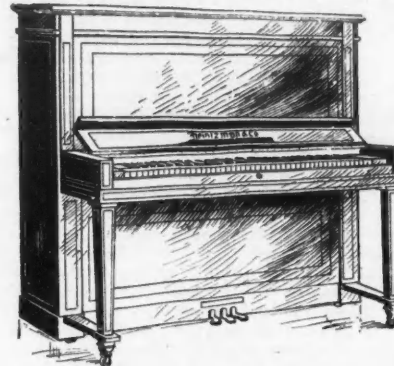
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ROMANTIC COMIC OPERA

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Music by Reginald DeKoven, composer of "Happy Land" and "Robin Hood."

Book by Charles Klein, author of "The Music-Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse."

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Eccentric Comedians

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Regan & McConkey

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Moulton College.

Accompanying the calendar of Moulton College for this year, which has just been issued, is a beautifully printed booklet, "Moulton College in Picture." It contains half-tone views of the exterior and interior of this institution—the academic department of McMaster University for Girls—and will be of great interest to both prospective students and graduates.

Only \$9.00 to New York and Return. Via Lehigh Valley Railroad, from Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls. Tickets good going September 9th and 10th. Good for return up to last train of September 14th. For tickets, Pullmans, etc., call L.V.R. office, 10 King street east.

Assistant Foolmakers.

It doesn't take much of a girl to make a fool of any man. Nature did so much.—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

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JOSEPH E. SHAGRAM, M.P., President.

W. F. FRASER, Sec.-Treas.

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indicate that the soon be in ful is that it wil from a local will be no few societies who v formance, to say their opera com the "Mikado," Penzance," and lin and organ re made to foreig vague. Among pected to visit Saint-Saens, the composer; Cesa- gian violinist of Josef Lhevinne, anist; Mme. Gae- delighted music cent occasion of here, and Mme. prima donna with pany. Opera p- probably be pu- Savage company Opera Company

Mr. Joseph Mary's Cathed been appointed Methodist Chu was selected f eight applicants

An old pioner- tory of Toront 31st ult. in the Pye, formerly c of the Queen's and organizer o Mr. Pye was b in 1832, and c about forty-five

Mr. Frank C his violin teach Yonge street.

Mr. J. D. A to town from ing the Conserva ing piano pupil

One of the history of mus the visit of Cam vember and D illustrious Frenc ent has always proposals from managers. His direction of Ber had some of the der his manage said to be a v will naturally b musical standar Mr. Ulrich sti only to appear loist, but that of his larger sy the principal c orchestras are every city of a choral society Saint-Saens to work, "Samson the larger citie of being so fa under consid large body of the personal d visit six or el cities between cago, and give As an operati is less known than to Europ invited him to operas, but his permit. As yet those mention cal interests once, and se living French us by.

Mrs. Leonard resume teachi receive pupil heimer's, on days.

Miss Lora N ist, has resu studio, 436 Yo

Mr. James violinist, who from England teacher of the Conservatory w way is a pupil London, Eng Hans Sitt of will shortly b cital.

Miss Mabel in Old St. An turned to the vacation in M Mr. Charles I gh Island.

The "New I- tember has L Lawrence Gil- glected Page- cerned with Tannhäuser," Gilman says: odd pages w- bacchanale an- there is scarc not undergon harmonic, rh- and there is



THE announcements made in this column last week and in this issue as to the return of the wandering musicians from their vacation outings, indicate that the musical season will soon be in full swing. The prospect is that it will be a strenuous one from a local point of view, as there will be no fewer than seven chorale societies who will give public performances, to say nothing of two amateur opera companies, who promise the "Mikado" and the "Pirates of Penzance," and numerous piano, violin and organ recitals. The references made to foreign artists are very vague. Among those who may be expected to visit Toronto are Camille Saint-Saens, the distinguished French composer; Cesar Thomson, the Belgian violinist of marvellous technique; Josef Lhevinne, the great Russian pianist; Mme. Gaski, the soprano who delighted musical Toronto on the recent occasion of her first appearance here, and Mme. Nordica, who will be prima donna with a touring opera company. Opera on a grand scale will probably be produced here by the Savage company and the San Carlo Opera Company.

Mr. Joseph E. F. Martin of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, has been appointed organist of Douglas Methodist Church, Montreal. He was selected from among twenty-eight applicants.

An old pioneer in the musical history of Toronto passed away on the 31st ult. in the person of Mr. Henry Pye, formerly conductor of the bands of the Queen's Own and 10th Royal, and organizer of the Riverdale band. Mr. Pye was born in Essex, England, in 1832, and came to this country about forty-five years ago.

Mr. Frank C. Smith has resumed his violin teaching at his studio, 143 Yonge street.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp has returned to town from Muskoka, and is busy at the Conservatory of Music receiving piano pupils.

One of the notable events in the history of music in America will be the visit of Camille Saint-Saens in November and December next. This illustrious Frenchman up to the present has always turned a deaf ear to proposals from American musical managers. His tour will be under the direction of Bernhard Ulrich, who has had some of the greatest artists under his management. Saint-Saens is said to be a very wealthy man, and will naturally be curious to study our musical standards. His contract with Mr. Ulrich stipulates that he is not only to appear as piano and organ soloist, but that he shall conduct some of his larger symphonies and suites in the principal cities where symphony orchestras are maintained. Almost every city of any size that boasts of a choral society is anxious to engage Saint-Saens to conduct his great work, "Samson and Delilah," but only the larger cities will have the pleasure of being so favored. Plans are now under consideration to assemble a large body of fine voices, and, under the personal direction of the master, visit six or eight of the principal cities between New York and Chicago, and give "Samson and Delilah." As an operatic composer, Saint-Saens is less known to the American public than to Europeans. New York has invited him to direct one of his own operas, but his engagements will not permit. As yet Toronto is not among those mentioned in the tour. Musical interests should co-operate at once, and see to it that the greatest living French artist should not pass us by.

Mrs. Leonora James-Kennedy will resume teaching next week, and will receive pupils at her studio, Nordheimer's, on Mondays and Thursdays.

Miss Lora Newman, the solo pianist, has resumed teaching at her studio, 436 Yonge street.

Mr. James Trethewey, A.G.S.M., violinist, who has recently arrived from England, has been appointed teacher of the violin at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Mr. Trethewey is a pupil of Professor Muller of London, England, and Professor Hans Sitt of Leipzig, Germany. He will shortly be heard in a violin recital.

Miss Mabel Palen, soprano soloist in Old St. Andrew's Church, has returned to the city, after an enjoyable vacation in Muskoka, the guest of Mr. Charles E. Blachford of Mazengah Island.

The "New Music Review" for September has an interesting article by Lawrence Gilman, entitled "A Neglected Page of Wagner." It is concerned with the Paris version of "Tannhäuser," concerning which Mr. Gilman says: "Throughout the seventy odd pages which now comprise the bacchanale and the first scene proper, there is scarcely a measure that has not undergone some transformation, harmonic, rhythmic, or orchestral; and there is a liberal proportion of

absolutely new matter." The musical journalists have not paid sufficient attention to these wonderful changes, with their suggestions of "Tristan," "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal," which so greatly heighten the beauty and the intensity of the music, enriching and vitalizing it to an extraordinary degree. Amateurs will regret more and more that Wagner did not have time to rewrite the whole score of his early opera in his so much more subtle and fascinating later style. The time required for it he had to waste on 102 rehearsals of the opera for three performances in Paris—and even those marred by a mob! The world is cruelly wasteful of that rare phenomenon, musical genius.

A matron of eighty-eight summers, who, in her girlhood used to see Beethoven, is still living at Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, where she has a cigar store. Her name is Marie Schneider. In the summer of 1826 she often saw the great composer, and, although she was but seven years old, she distinctly remembers his appearance. He was, she says, always carefully dressed, and when he took his daily walks he seldom had on a hat. With a morose mien, and lost in thought, he would walk past, sometimes talking to himself. Because of his glowering looks, he was the terror of the children of Heiligenstadt, Frau Schneider relates. Once, when she was playing with some other children at the Nussbach, Beethoven came along and all the children ran away. She herself ran to her aunt, who exclaimed: "Don't be afraid of him—he isn't all there!"

Says the New York "Evening Post": Piano recitals, it cannot be denied, have fallen into disfavor. Their programmes need something to renew the interest of the general public in them. Why not revive some of these Liszt fantasies? They richly deserve it, from every point of view. It must be borne in mind that many of the operas epitomized in them have disappeared from the modern repertory, chiefly for the reason that there is not enough musical material in them to satisfy present-day audiences. Yet each of these operas contains a number of melodies, often of ravishing beauty, which the world cannot afford to lose, especially in our period, when the melodic found seems to be running dry. It is one of the immortal achievements of Liszt that he has rescued these delightful melodies, these large diamonds, and given them a new setting, studded with smaller gems of his own. Any pianist who hesitates to follow the suggestion here offered, deserves to be called a moral coward—and foolish, too, for is not the applause and favor of the general public worth more, even for advertising purposes, than the praise of prejudiced journalists?

Reference has already been made in these columns to the plans of the Mendelssohn Choir for the coming season. Leaving for the present any comments on their offerings at the Toronto concerts, it is worth while to draw attention to the ambitious nature of their out-of-town appearances. A concert in Buffalo, followed by two in New York city, will make an event unparalleled in the history of Canadian music, and one which can only be effectively carried out by a society with the experience and of the calibre of our premier organization. With them will co-operate the Pittsburgh Orchestra, in full symphony strength, under Mr. Emil Paur, and the piece de resistance of the New York concerts will be the presentation of Beethoven's masterpiece, the immortal Ninth, or Choral Symphony, which, it will be remembered, made such a profound impression in Toronto last February. It may confidently be expected that the chorus which will sing next February will be far in advance of that of any previous seasons. Mr. Vogt has been indefatigable in trying voices, not only of new applicants, but of the members of last season's chorus. From these several hundred applicants he has selected, without partiality, and with only one aim in view, a chorus which, for efficiency, purity and sonority of tone, and zeal in the work of the society, will be unequalled. The first rehearsal of the chorus will take place next Tuesday evening, September 11, at the Conservatory Music Hall, and all members who have been accepted are expected to be present on that occasion. In the event of any members not presenting themselves their places will be filled from the already large waiting list.

Miss Nora Kathleen Jackson will reopen her studio at Nordheimer's on September 1, and will receive her pupils there Tuesdays and Fridays, and during the rest of the week at her private studio, Castle Frank road, Rosedale.

Mr. A. T. Cringan has returned from his summer home at Windermere, Muskoka.

Mr. Frank S. Welsman, who has returned from his vacation in Muskoka, has commenced his new duties at the Conservatory of Music as a

member of the teaching faculty. Mr. Welsman will also proceed at once to organize the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, of which he will be conductor.

Mr. Frank Blachford, the solo violinist, returns to the city this Saturday, and will immediately resume his classes in violin instruction. Mr. Blachford is likely to have a busy season, as he has already booked several recitals in the eastern part of the Province.

Mr. R. S. Pigott's undertaking to give a sumptuous revival of "The Mikado" is being received with much appreciation. He is in receipt of dozens of letters from singers wishing to take a part in the production. Further applications may be made to him at his residence, 152 Bloor street east.

As suggested in this column, the band of the 2nd Life Guards will give two concerts in Massey Hall—the first to-night (Saturday) at eight o'clock, and the second on Monday evening. The occasion will enable admirers of the band to hear them without the distracting noises of a great exhibition.

Mr. Arthur Blight has returned to the city after a successful season at Grimsby Park, and resumed teaching on Tuesday, September 4, at his studio, Nordheimer's.

Miss T. B. Van Horn, soprano, has just returned from a five weeks' sojourn in Ohio, where she has been filling numerous singing engagements. She will resume teaching Monday, September 10.

Madame A. Don Cochrane, having studied abroad under Signor Garcia of London, England, is prepared to give vocal instruction on the best methods of voice culture, at 13 Moss Park place.

P. McAvay, vocal teacher, will reopen his studio for the coming season, September 10, at Highfield Conservatory of Music, 1726 Queen street west. CHERUBINO.

Anna M. Stone-Downing has opened a studio at Nordheimer's, and will receive her pupils on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mrs. Stone-Downing offers two partial scholarships for piano. Apply by letter. Residence, 40 Ulster street.

The High-Class Piano.

That the Canadian manufacturers in all branches have been steadily improving the quality of their products is a well-established fact, and the display in the Manufacturers' Building at the Exhibition more than justifies the high reputation acquired by our leaders of industry. More especially this may be said of those engaged in the manufacture of pianos. It is not a great many years ago when it was the custom for anyone who wished a high-class instrument to purchase those imported from other countries, but this is now rarely done, and is as unnecessary as it is infrequent. Pianos are now "made in Canada," as the tickets inform us, that are the equal of any made the world over, and will bear the test of the closest comparisons both for beauty and elegance of design, perfection of action and quality of tone. The Gerhard Heintzman exhibit is one that deserves a careful inspection from everyone interested in the "divine art." Always the leading firm in the business, they have this year outdone all previous endeavors, and are exhibiting what may be called the "finality" of beautiful and artistic pianos.

The various styles of cases shown betoken both an originality and gracefulness of conception unequalled by any other makers. But while the cases are exquisite and calculated to adorn any drawing-room, sight has not been lost of the real soul of the instruments—quality of tone.

In this respect, as in all others, the Gerhard Heintzman pianos are unequalled, and one is not at all surprised to learn that their instruments are approved of and used by artists all over the world. A half-hour at their exhibit may be pleasantly and instructively spent.

The Editor's Lament.

When we see so many young men with their hair parted in the middle and hanging down over their foreheads so as to obscure every trace of intellect, and so many young women with their hair all frizzly-frowsy and flopping around over their faces in fifty different directions, we just want to have a say—Clinton (N. C.) "Democrat."

Paradoxical.

"Mamma, will you tell me one thing?"
"Yes, my dear."
"Why, when people give highly-colored accounts of anything, do they call them white lies?"—Baltimore "American."

Kept Him Busy.

Colonel A. A. Pope, a builder of automobiles, was in San Francisco during the earthquake period. Driven from his hotel, he sought other quarters, and finding an auto standing in the street, asked its lone occupant to drive him to another hotel. "Machine's busted," was the chauffeur's laconic remark.

"Oh, I know all about automobiles," said Colonel Pope affably, "let me see it." "You do, hey?" said a gruff

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voice at his elbow. Colonel Pope turned to regard a burly sergeant of infantry with a squad of leather-faced soldiers at his back. "We need men like you," continued the sergeant, "so you'll have to come with us. Step lively." Colonel Pope stepped, and spent the next six days repairing automobiles for the military authorities.

Ice Misplaced.
"Well," answered Colonel Stillwell of Kentucky, "I can't say I care much for the Arctic regions. My impression of them is a place with a whole lot of ice and nothing worth drinking to put it in."—Washington "Star."

Her First Attempt.
"Yes, I tried casting my bread on the waters when I was first married." "And it returned to you?" "No, it didn't. It was the first bread I ever made and heavier than lead."—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

Unavoidable Delay.
"The enemy is in great confusion and this is the instant to attack, sir!" the dusty and breathless aid reported. "I can't help it," the great general replied. "I have just received a message from the reporters and moving picture men, stating that they had been delayed and wouldn't arrive for two hours yet."—"Smart Set."

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Ways of Scotch Justice.

One often hears comments passed upon the administration of the law by local magistrates, but while it may sometimes leave a little to be desired it is not so glaringly crude as it often was in earlier times.

It is on record that the Montrose baillie, after hearing the evidence in a breach of the peace case, fined both the accused and all the witnesses "half a crown."

The witnesses naturally resented this decision, but the baillie, with his mind made up, refused to budge from the position he had taken up, and defended it with the remark:

"It disna matter; he had nae business there. Half a crown apiece."

The same baillie was trying another case, in which a difficulty arose regarding the non-appearance of a witness. The court was informed that the witness was defunct. The magistrate, who was a self-made and highly-successful business man, and who had gained elevation to the bench solely on account of his command of "siller," had never heard that particular form applied to death, and thinking it was a legal phrase, called out in commanding tones: "Bring forth the defunct!" which brought down the house.—Dundee "Advertiser."

Euphony.

"He eats pie for breakfast," they say to the beautiful young thing who is going to be introduced to the man. "How uncouth!" she shudders. "But he is worth forty millions," they continue.

"Ah, he is not uncouth," her mother says gently. "He is merely eccentric, Billicent, dear."—"Judge."

ANECDOTAL

A lady visitor, wishing to be polite to the little son of her host at table, said: "What a pretty dimple you have, Benny!" "You think that's a pretty dimple?" said the boy. "Mamma, can I show the lady the one on my stomach?"

A woman hurried up to a policeman at the corner of Twenty-third street in New York city. "Does this cross-town car take you down to the Bridge toward Brooklyn?" she demanded. "Madam," returned the policeman, "do you want to go to Brooklyn?" "No, I don't want to," the woman replied, "but I have to."

A druggist, being in a hurry to get off to the ball game, made a mistake in compounding a prescription that contained arsenic, and in consequence of his error the patient died. When the druggist heard of the man's death, he struck his forehead with his clenched fist and groaned: "Wretch that I am—he was my best customer!"

The little one chanced to sit near a plate containing apple parings. After a long wait, during which no offer was made of hospitality, the child finally blurted out, "I smell apples." "Yes," responded the lady of the house, "you smell those parings." "No, ma'am," was the solemn reply of the youngster, "I smell whole apples."

A New York Central train was rapidly approaching New York with Mark Twain as one of the passengers, when a lady sitting in the seat across the aisle leaned forward and asked: "Excuse me, sir, but will you kindly tell me if this train stops at the Grand Central Depot?" "Madam," replied the humorist, "I hope so; I hope to Heaven it does, for if it doesn't there will be a devil of a wreck."

When Governor Head was in office in New Hampshire, Colonel Barrett of the Governor's staff, died, and there was an unseemly scramble for the office even while his body was awaiting burial with military honors. One candidate ventured to call upon Governor Head. "Governor," he asked, "do you think you would have any objections if I was to get into Colonel Barrett's place?" The answer came promptly: "No, I don't think I should have any objections, if the undertaker is willing."

Mark Twain, apropos of Memorial Day, talked of war and of the hardships and privations of sieges. "A Frenchman," he said, "called one day on a lady who had two dogs. They were ugly little brutes, and when they came near him, the man pushed them out of the way with his foot."

"I perceive, sir," said the lady, coldly, "that you are not very fond of dogs." The man started in surprise. "I'm not fond of dogs?" he exclaimed. "Why, madam, I ate more than twenty of them during the siege of Paris."

A pair of bushy whiskers shoved themselves into the money-order window, and the voice behind the whiskers said: "Gif me a money order." The clerk shoved him out a blank application. When it came back, filled out, the clerk said: "Here, this isn't right. It's for Dresden, Germany, and you've got it on a domestic blank. You want a foreign blank." "Well!" said the voice behind the whiskers, "vy didn't you gif me a foreign blank?" "Why didn't you ask for one?" "Mein goodness," said the voice behind the whiskers, "do I look like I wanted a domestic blank?"

"That was a left-handed compliment," said Upton Sinclair, the noted author of "The Jungle," apropos of a remark made by a butcher. "It reminds me," Mr. Sinclair went on, "of a compliment that was once paid to a physician. This physician had married a widow. He said one night to his wife, with a complacent sigh: 'Well, I've pulled old Jones through, after all. And a critical case it was, let me tell you.' 'Yes, dear,' said the lady; 'but then, you know, you are such an excellent doctor. Ah, if I had only known you four years earlier! I am certain my poor dear John would have been saved.'"

Captain George H. Knox, the richest officer in the United States army, is an advocate of temperance. At Fort McIntosh, in a talk with some private, he said recently: "Of course, if men want to drink, they can always find some excuse for drinking. I once knew a New York man who drank entirely too much. His doctor, in order to moderate his tipping a little, ordered him to take more light beer and less strong wine—to every quart of beer, not more than a pint of wine at the outside. The patient said to me one evening a week afterward, as he rang for a bottle of champagne: 'What a bore! I've drunk eight glasses of beer to-day, and now I've got to get away with four glasses of wine. Doctor's orders.'"

Mrs. Flint was a very stern woman, who demanded instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up, and she sent her son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house. "But, mother—" said John. "John, I told you to shut the trap." "Yes, but mother—" "John, shut that trap!" "All right, mother, if you say so, but—" "John!" John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon went by and the storm

howled and raged. Two hours later the family gathered for tea, and when the meal was half over Aunt Mary, who was staying with Mrs. Flint, had not appeared. Mrs. Flint started an investigation. She did not have to ask many questions; John answered the first one. "Please, mother, she is up on the roof."

At a table d'hôte in Baden was a young American couple, and one lady was asked in conversation whether she liked Botticelli. The reply came somewhat hesitatingly: "No, I—that is—I'm afraid I've never tasted it. In fact," she added, "I know very little about foreign wines." "My dear," exclaimed her husband, in a fever of exostulation, "Botticelli isn't a wine—it's a che-e-ese!" Later, amid other scenes, we repeated the story, to the great delight of a numerous company. As the laughter subsided a voice was heard saying in accents of relief: "Well! I'm glad to have that settled! I know I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but the truth is I've always vaguely supposed Botticelli was a sculptor!"

Charles M. Schwab, in a studio in New York, was describing a very mean dealer in pictures, who had tried to cheat him. "For meanness," said Mr. Schwab, "I can only compare the man with a Loretto miser. To show this miser's meanness, many stories, more or less true, are told of him. For instance: It is said that the miser once lost near Loretto a pocket-book containing \$1,000. The pocket-book was found after some days by a poor farm hand, and he, as soon as he discovered the name of the owner, returned it. The miser, on getting back his money, counted it again and again. 'What's the matter?' said the farm hand anxiously. Isn't it all right?" "Right? No," growled the miser. "Where's the interest?"

A janitor of a school threw up his job the other day, says "Primary Education." When asked the trouble he said: "I'm honest, and I won't stand being slurred. If I find a pencil or handkerchief about the school when I'm sweeping I hang or put it up. Every little while the teacher, or someone who is too cowardly to face me, will give me a slur. A little while ago I seen wrote on the board, 'Find the least common multiple.' Well, I looked from cellar to garret for that thing, and I wouldn't know the thing if I would meet it on the street. Last night, in big writin' on the blackboard, it said, 'Find the greatest common divisor.' 'Well, I say to myself, both them things are lost now; and I'll be accused of takin' 'em, so I'll quit!'"

In a certain restaurant at one time customers' wants were looked after by a waiter who was renowned for the clever way in which, when shouting down the dumb-waiter to the cook he interpreted the different dishes. For instance, if a customer ordered sausages and bread, he told the cook "a doorstep and a bag of mystery" were required. In consequence of this, two city men had a wager, one of them saying he was sure he could give an order which the waiter would find it impossible to twist in his usual way. Accordingly they repaired to the restaurant, and Mr. Brown gave his order: "Waiter, bring me a couple of poached eggs on toast and the yolks broken." The waiter shouted down to the cook: "Adam and Eve on a raft and wreck 'em."

At a tea the other day a woman heard the following remarks made about her favorite author. She turned to listen, amazed by the eccentricities of conduct narrated. "Yes, you know," the hostess was saying, "Kipling came in and behaved so strangely! At luncheon he suddenly sprang up, and wouldn't let the witness come near the table. Every time that she tried to come near he would jump at her. 'He made a dive for the cake, which was on the lower shelf of the sideboard, and took it into the parlor to eat it. He got the crumbs all over the sofa and the beautiful rug. When he had finished his cake he simply sat and glared at us.' The visitor finally could not control herself, and asked: 'Excuse me, but are you speaking of Mr. Rudyard Kipling?' 'Mr. Rudyard Kipling!' echoed the hostess. "Oh, no; Kipling is our dog!"

An English statesman on one occasion, when engaged in canvassing, visited a workman's house, in the principal room of which a pictorial

representation of the Pope faced an illustration of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne. The worthy man stared in amazement, and, seeing his surprise, the voter's wife exclaimed: "Shure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic." "How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician. "Very well, indeed, barring the twelfth of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home feeling extra patriotic." "What then?" "Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him, and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early, before he is awake, and take down King William and pawn him, and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."

"In a match game, in an argument, in everything," said Walter J. Travis, the famous golfer, "it pays to keep cool. No matter how greatly you may be exasperated, you will make out better if you restrain your rage. There was once a man who saw a waiter in a fashionable restaurant spill a tureen of tomato soup all over a young lady's white gown. The young lady, instead of flying into a passion, smiled. She said it didn't matter. She continued to eat and to talk as though nothing had happened. This so impressed the man that he got an introduction to the young lady, proposed to her at the end of a month or so, and was accepted. Some time after the marriage, he spoke of the tomato-soup accident. 'I shall never forget it,' said the bride. 'Your conduct,' said the man, 'caused me to determine to marry you if you would have me.' She smiled. 'I remember,' she said, 'that I did behave very well at the time, but I wish you could have seen the marks of my teeth on the bedpost that night.'"

"Madam," said the conductor as he punched a ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car. It is against the rules." "I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will not disturb anyone." "That makes no difference," said the conductor. "Dogs must ride in the baggage car. I'll take and fasten him for you." "Don't you touch my dog, sir," exclaimed the young lady excitedly. "I will trust him to no one," and with indignant tread she marched to the baggage car, tied her dog, and said: "Remember, please, I don't want a soul here to touch my dog or untie him; you understand?" The baggage crew said they did. As the train approached her station the young lady, hailing the conductor, asked: "Is my dog all right?" "I don't know, miss," replied the conductor. "Don't know?" she replied. "Why don't you know. It's your business to know. You haven't touched him or untied him?" "No; we didn't touch or untie him, and that's just it. You tied him to a trunk checked for two stations back. The trunk had to be put off, and so we threw the dog off with the trunk!"

Too Clever for the Thief.

Emile Girardin, who calls himself a clerk in a money-changer's office, is a very clever thief, and has also been a successful one, but he met his match the other day in a portly old dame, whom he had the misfortune to meet in a railway carriage.

Seeing that the lady was getting out of the train with considerable difficulty, Girardin ran up and assisted her. When she was safely on the platform he saluted with native courtesy, and proceeded on his way. He had not gone fifty yards when, looking for her ticket, the old lady discovered the absence of her purse. With all her lung power she shouted "Stop thief!" and everyone on the platform ran to see what was the matter.

Foremost among them was Girardin. But his bluff did not take. The old lady pointed at him with her umbrella, crying: "There he is—arrest him!"

Girardin was seized by two stalwart sergeants-de-ville and taken to the nearest commissariat, where the police were about to search him, when he voluntarily produced a purse, which the plaintiff promptly recognized as hers. Girardin, on the contrary, persisted that it was his.

"Ah! the miserable being, the liar!" ejaculated the old dame, in an advanced state of emotion.

"He says it's his," replied the commissaire, "and it is for you to prove the contrary."

"That's easy," replied the agitated old plaintiff, mopping her face energetically with the while. "In one of the

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WINCARNIS

A Delicious Beverage and Tonic made from Choice Wine, Liebig's Extract of Meat and Extract of Malt. Absolutely invaluable after an illness.

OVER 8000 DOCTORS

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CHARLES R. C. TICHBORNE, Esq., F.C.S., says:—Coleman's "Wincarnis" must be a powerful restorative, as it consists of a stimulant combined with the extracts of cereals and meat in a concentrated form. I have no doubt that it will be found invaluable and capable of easy assimilation.

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THE BEST OF ALL RESTORATIVES

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"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."

BEETHAM'S Jarrola

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING

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Sole Makers: **M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.**

It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, HEAT, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.



Women who want the correct and smartest styles in Dress Footwear should come here.

We have the reputation of having the best to be had.

The new styles are in.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge St.

pockets of that purse you will find a medal of Saint Antony of Padua; in a piece of tissue paper you will find a medal of Our Lady of Lourdes; there are also 200 francs in gold, plus a 50 centime piece with the head of Napoleon III. on it. Curiously enough, the Emperor's nose has a hole in it."

"That is perfectly accurate," said the commissaire, as he returned her the purse. Too surprised to say a word Girardin was sent to the depot.—Manchester "Chronicle."

Sleep, or No Sleep.

Inventor Edison asserts that men sleep too much; that four or five hours a day is enough. Tesla, on the other hand, declares that it is because men do not sleep enough that they fail to live to 100 or 125 years—the age their constitution seems to warrant them.

Tesla says that in sleep all vital wear and tear ceases; that in sleep, in fact, the ravages of wear and tear are repaired. Hence they who sleep much do not waste their time, for the longer they sleep the longer they will live.

He points at Gladstone, whose mind remained keen and his frame powerful up to a great age. Gladstone, he says, slept seventeen hours a day.

He slept to the negroes, many of whom are middle-aged at 70, and at 90 are still far from old. The negroes sleep all they can. They average 13 or 14 hours a day.

The whites, Tesla holds, should do the same. When not working, they should be sleeping. His philosophy of sleep is summed up in the paradox:

The more hours you sleep the more hours you'll be awake.—Philadelphia "Bulletin."

Veracity by Wire.

A bright young man was engaged in a desultory conversation with a prominent financier of a most economical disposition when the great man suddenly invited attention to the suit of clothes he was then wearing. "I have never believed," said he, "in paying fancy prices for cut-to-measure garments. Now, here's a suit for which I paid eight dollars and fifty cents. Appearances are very de-

ceptive. If I told you I purchased it for thirty dollars, you'd probably believe that to be the truth."

"I would if you told me by telephone," replied the young man.—"Success."

Up-To-Date Auto Jargon.

Intending purchasers of automobiles are frequently more mystified than instructed by the explanations of salesmen, but New York's automobile row has one salesman who carefully avoids technicalities. Said he to a prospective customer:

"You see, when the piston comes up and compresses a lump of gas a spark jumps in and touches it off and the engine gives a poke, which turns the crankshaft around. Then the piston comes back and chases out the burned gas and takes in a fresh charge as it goes back; then it comes up and the load gets a spark and the piston is blown back and the crankshaft gets another poke, just as before. Every time a spark is let in the engine gets a poke and gives it to the crankshaft, you see. It's perfectly simple, and simply perfect."—New York "Sun."

A Defect in Socialism.

A humorist contributes to "Puck" this scrap of conversation concerning a fatal defect in socialism:

"I like socialism fine," said the honest and apparently unromantic mechanic, "but I don't want to give up my Sunday paper."

"Give up your Sunday paper," said the agitator. "I don't see how socialism is going to affect your reading matter."

"Maybe it won't yours," replied the victim of capital, "but I've got so accustomed to reading 'Snappy Doings in Smart Set; They Bump the Bumps in the Vandergould Dining-Room,' and 'Mrs. Astor's Gems; She Has Enough to Fill a Wash Basin,' and 'Life Histories of the Eighty Peers—Who Were Members of the Original Floradora Sextet,' and all such like that I dunno what I'd do if you was to remove the pampered classes."

NOT A PU A GENT

The Famous

Hunyadi Janos. That is drugs. Why the system with when they can stipitation with water, of course water. This water comes in Hungary add—nothing it just as Nat she intends Hunyadi Janos Troubles and danger of acqu All druggists bottle, it costs

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He had saved \$8—

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Rain wet no coat if

But is a not Every genuine "Crave mark. I other.

NOT A PURGATIVE— A GENTLE LAXATIVE.

The Famous Water of Hungary.

Hunyadi Janos acts gently, naturally. That is where it differs from drugs. Why should anyone weaken the system with powerful cathartics, when they can completely cure Constipation with water? Not ordinary water, of course—but Hunyadi Janos water. This famous health-giving water comes to you just as the spring in Hungary yields it. Nothing is added—nothing taken away. You take it just as Nature creates it—and just as she intends it should be taken. Hunyadi Janos is the one safe cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Stomach Troubles and Headaches. There is no danger of acquiring the drug habit.

All druggists sell it. Try a small bottle, it costs but a trifle.

Superstitions of the Navajo.

The mother-in-law joke must have originated with the Navajo, for after marriage a Navajo dare not look into the face of his wife's mother. If by chance he catch a glimpse of her it takes much fasting and many prayers to feel secure against dangerous results. It is no uncommon sight to see the most grave and reverend chief walk backward, run like a scared dog, or hide his face in the depths of his blanket to avoid the dreaded sight.

To have luck in hunting it is necessary to scatter the sacred meal before the house, to place a small stone on a heap beside the trail and to offer a plume to the mother above.

To comfort one in distress or to ward off prospective distress the women and children wear red wristbands.

If they wish to be protected by those above on entering their home they take a pinch of sacred meal from a bowl kept in a niche in the wall, and scatter it to the north, west, south, east, up and down, meanwhile saying some prayers.

To bring harm to the guilty it is only necessary to bury two bunches of owl or raven feathers near the place where the suspected one sleeps or lives, after presenting it to the six regions. The third bunch of feathers is buried near the owner's fireplace in the kitchen to protect him or her from invasion of enemies.

Dark colored or blue corn is connected with evil magic. The power of speech is attributed to it. This corn belongs to the witches, and is said to speak in absence of its owners and to tell their whereabouts or doings.

Should a person suffering from a snake bite look upon a woman furnishing nourishment to an infant death would be the result—"Aubaqueque Indian."

Time Well Spent.

A Kenwood man consented the other day to go to the military department for the purpose of helping his wife to decide on a hat. After much trying-on the lady decided on two hats from which to make her selection. One of them was \$24, the other \$16.

"Now, I want you to tell me honestly, George," she said, "which of these two you would advise me to get?"

Then she put one on after the other, and permitted him to view her from in front, each side, and from behind. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, at last, "the one you had on first looks to me as if it might be more stylish, and all that, but the second one makes you look much younger than you do in the other."

He had wasted an hour, but he saved \$8.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

A Monumental Task.

Gussie—Landlord, can you let me have my bill this afternoon?

Hotel Proprietor—Werry sorry, can't possibly manage it, sir. Tomorrow morning, perhaps. My clerk's working at it night and day. (Collapse of Gussie.)—"Everybody's Journal."

Consistent.

"Marie, can't you play tennis without making all that noise?"

"Now, ma, who in the world ever heard of anyone's playing tennis without raising a racket?"—Baltimore "American."

A Grass Widow.

"Mamma, what is a grass widow?" "A grass widow, dear—is a lady whose husband plays golf."—"The By-stander."

Rain will neither wet nor spot your coat if it's a

Cravenette

But make sure it is a "Cravenette" and not a substitute. Every yard of the genuine bears the "Cravenette" trademark. Look for it and accept no other.



OUR HEATHEN CHINEE

SOME years ago, fate or providence having decreed a move to a city on the coast, I determined to take my maid with me, registering a vow that I should never engage a Chinaman. The maid stayed a year with me, in spite of two proposals of marriage on the way and several subsequently. At the year's end, to be like other Irish ladies, she expressed the desire for a holiday, saying the city was dull, with never an Orangeman to be seen on the "twelfth," so she set sail for San Francisco to visit relatives.

After five weeks she wrote me: "I'm married to a rich merchant, an' wore a blew plush weddin' dress; the marriage took place in my own parlour." As I read this at the breakfast table, with anything but gladness, from one young hopeful, who was very fond of this maid, came a howl of horror.

Upon inquiring the cause, he bawled out: "One of them awful things what carried off Joseph has got her!" "What things? Joseph who?" I asked, bewildered.

"Joseph in the Bible; it was merchants who chucked him into the pit."

But that letter knocked my vow endways—there was nothing for it but a Chinaman, so a Chinaman we procured.

We gave him twenty dollars a month, and washing "done out." Let me remark that the Chinaman who cooks is socially above the one who "laundries." Hong was his name—a grinning, squat, pig-tailed, dolmaned, almond-eyed celestial. Having read and heard a great deal of the imitiveness of the Chinese and of their docile obedience, I hastened to give a trial.

I showed him, the first day, all over the house, explaining, with wild gestures, how we liked things done, and he never spoke once, but looked at me with a weary air, out of pitying eyes, until I felt quite helpless.

Then "Worst-Half" took him in hand, roaring at the top of his voice a few words which he had picked up in his intercourse with the celestials, emphasizing them by hitting the table with his fist or banging against the wall. When Hong interjected, "No deaf; me educated; speak English." This set us down hard, as we thought of the desartian efforts we had wasted over the fellow.

Next day I had occasion to sweep out a room upstairs, when about an hour afterward W. H. heard, in the same room, the racket of a broom and dust-pan. Looking in, he found Hong doing it over again. He said: "Your mistress has swept here." Hong gave him a superior look, and said: "Him (they never say she or her) talk heap fast, eat fast, sweep fast, no good; not do corners." Then he gave a demonstration of how I flew over the room with the broom.

W. H. was so tickled he lay down and roared with joy, while I—well, I straightened up haughty like.

Next day, though, didn't I get even with "Worst Half." He has the bad habit of never shutting doors, of flying through a house, leaving both front and back doors open. The next morning, when I came downstairs, nailed over the front door was a pine board over three feet long, with this inscription, daubed on with crayon: "Please, boss, shet a dore, for the times is cole." Perhaps W. H. didn't feel small when I dragged him down to see it! But I was too polite to laugh—much.

What I do like about a Chinaman is that you can have the joy of jawing him without him talking back. I could say, when out of patience: "Hong, you're a fool!" He would just grin and say "Yah, yah!" and dear me, it was nice, even if exasperating.

Armed with a broom and his "dirty does pan" (dust-pan), he was always wanting to sweep at the wrong time. One morning he came clattering at the bedroom door, calling "Time to sweep!" "Get out!" I called back, "Not dressed yet." "No matter; must sweep; nine 'clock," he answered; and, only after some imperative remarks from within, did he go pattering down the stairs, muttering, "So late; much dirt; lazy lady."

His obedience to orders was of the Casabianca species—very strict. One morning, not feeling well, I said: "Not see ladies to-day." I was awakened later by hearing a scuffle in the hall, and a voice—that of my dearest friend and neighbor—saying, "Let me pass, she'll see me!" When Hong answered, "Him not see ladies, go!" And, having taken her by the arm, was hauling her down the front steps, when I called from the window for him to desist.

He had been with us a week when Christmas Day came. Meantime I had taken pity on four nice men from Ontario (God's country)—chaps who, along with myself, were suffering the pangs of expatriation (sounds better than homesickness), and had invited them to dine with us that day at two in the afternoon. About eleven o'clock I started for the kitchen to make suggestions to his majesty about the dinner. But I didn't get there. Oh, no! the door was locked, from the hall into the dining-room. Having knocked, and no answer coming, I hurried to the back door, giving it a good hard bang—still no Hong. Getting anxious, I hauled a box over to the window, and, as I was trying to peep in, down came the blind in my face. Perhaps I wasn't mad! Back I went to the verandah, which had a window opening out from the dining-room. This I found securely locked and both blinds drawn down. After a good deal of shouting and stamping



on my part, Hong deigned to present himself at the window, where he made a few remarks: "All lite, get way, fine lady; go play piano with silk dress," an insult which was impossible to bear alone, so I loaded my woes on Worst-Half, who stuck up for the Chinaman. "The Chinaman," he said was like any other man; he hated to have women fussing around when he was cooking, and that he'd bet on him doing all right. Getting haughty at this, I argued that a Chinaman was a "maid," and had no business to have the feelings of a man, and, anyway, I owned the kitchen, at which he grinned, and remarked that Hong owned it at present. I got madder at him then than I was at Hong, and told him I hoped that his friends would starve when they came. "God bless me!" he ejaculated, "those noodle pates! Friends? Yours you mean! I ask men to dine with me!"

After that catch me bother any more over the old dinner! Not on your life! But, having gownned myself in the "silk" dress, I waited the coming of our guests with calm, cool dignity. On their arrival, I solemnly told them of the locked doors and their slim chances for dinner, at which came laughter over my anxiety, and with it the coolness out of my dignity.

So we sat there joking and asking each other at times could we smell anything. But we could not even get a whiff of cooking, when, at exactly two o'clock, the gong sounded, and the dining-room door was thrown open, and when we entered, beside the "Boss" chair, in a snow-white "sam," stood Hong, salaaming and ready to serve, a broad grin on his face as he saw my look of astonishment. The table was a dream, dressed in decorations from his own country, and the dinner a triumph of chefdom!

So the next evening, seeing he was such a success, I invited some more people to dine, bragging to them about our cook. Having told Hong what I wanted for dinner, I thought it wiser to leave him alone. When we went in to dinner I was shocked. He had "warmed up" scraps and odds and ends left from yesterday's feast—so meagre a repast that I exclaimed: "Oh, Hong, no soup; no roast?" "No," he replied, with a superior air, "velly good dinner lass night."

Admitted "the heathen Chinese is peculiar." GEORGINA SEEING.

Toronto, August, 1906.

The Sphinxes.

Asks the child untiringly Questions which inquiringly All the world has pondered long and deemed solution vain; Problems metaphysical, Whimsical and quizzical, Past the bounds of common wit to answer or explain.

Then his elders, knowing it, But afraid of showing it, Try to hide their ignorance and cover up the way; Tell him naught conclusively, Answering elusively; "Take your little building blocks and run away and play."

Asks the man despairingly: Recklessly and daringly; "Fire and earthquake lay me waste and all my work is vain; While I labor painfully Look not down disdainfully, Tell me, O ye powers that be, the purpose and the gain."

Though he cry appealingly Sternly and unfeelingly, Still there comes replying in the old familiar way; Answers Fate immutable, Providence inscrutable: "Take your little building blocks and run away and play."—McLandsburg Wilson, in New York "Sun."

Heard in the Porter's Room.

At a prominent summer resort last month I dropped into the porter's shoe-shining chair off the hotel rotunda for a morning polish before going into breakfast. The bell-boys were darting in and out with their pitchers for ice and hot water, and chatteringly dissecting the guests as tip victims: "That old duffer in 47 coughed up a quarter for his shine and hot, and is shaving himself to make it up!" exclaimed the first boy, "but that Epworth-League-looking man in 36 asked me my number, and said he'd see me in the office." "That's a trick—a nutty excuse," put

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Carolina Perfecto is a guarantee of uniform quality, full weight and superiority of workmanship.

Made of ripe, mellow, perfectly cured tobacco.

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The Light Beer in The Light Bottle

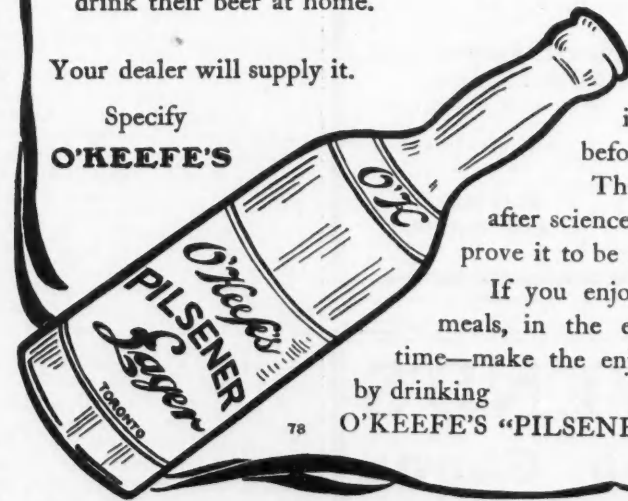
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The Ideal Beer for the Home.

O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER" is brewed especially for the people who drink their beer at home.

Your dealer will supply it.

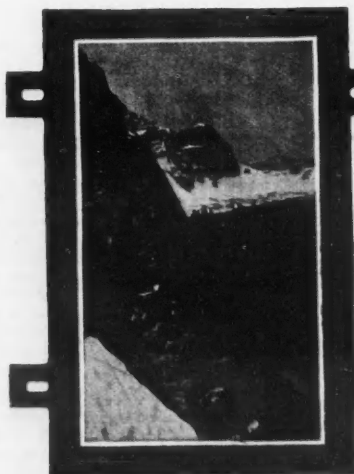
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O'KEEFE'S



Only the finest hops and malt—and purest filtered water—are used in brewing it. The beer is filtered again before bottling and pasteurized. The Lager comes to you only after science, skill and the test of time prove it to be absolutely faultless.

If you enjoy a bottle of beer with meals, in the evening, or at bedtime—make the enjoyment complete, by drinking
O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER" LAGER.

50 SWITZERLANDS IN ONE



THE CANADIAN ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK

The Largest Park in the World. 5,732 Miles in Extent.

Pre-eminent Natural Grandeur. A Paradise for Mountaineers, Splendid Hotel Accommodation. Naturalists, Geologists and Luxurious Train Service. Mineralogists. Most delightful place in the world for a vacation.

Write for copy of "Challenge of the Mountains."

Reached by the **CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**

ROBERT KERR, PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER, MONTREAL

Discount on Doughnuts.

"But," protested the pert young housewife, "you ought to take off something for the holes in these doughnuts."

"Very well, madam," replied the wise baker; "I'll allow you one cent each for the holes when you return them."—Chicago "News."

Not for Publication.

The engagement between a wealthy Baltimore belle and an impecunious clubman of that city was at one time last winter perilously near the "breaking off" point, and all by reason of

the unfortunate mistake of a florist's assistant of whom the young man had ordered flowers for his beloved.

It appears that the young fellow had hastily despatched to the florist's establishment two cards, one bearing an order for roses to be sent to the young lady's address, and the other intended to be attached to the flowers.

What was the astonishment and indignation of the beloved one when, on taking the roses from their boxes, she found affixed the card bearing the legend:

"Roses. Do the best you can for \$3."—Harper's Weekly.



Both a Toilet Soap and Complexion Soap

For 10c. a cake,
3 cakes for 25c.

You get two soaps in one—
at the price of
one—in

**"Royal Crown"
Witch-Hazel
Toilet Soap**

It's an ideal toilet soap. Its rich, creamy lather penetrates the pores—feeds the skin—leaves that delightful feeling of coolness and cleanliness that only the purest and finest of soaps can.

And there is the Witch-Hazel—soothing healing Witch-Hazel—to take away redness and roughness, allay skin irritation, and make the complexion beautiful.

10c. a cake—worth 25c. to every man or woman who values a healthful, clean skin.

Insist that your Druggist gives you "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel.



**Great Fall Opening
of Genuine
ORIENTAL RUGS**

We wish to inform our esteemed patrons and those who are building new homes that our Fall Importations have just arrived. Our buyer who has just returned from the Orient has been successful in securing some exquisite examples of Antique and Modern Persian and Turkish Rugs in all sizes, from the smallest Antique mat to the largest Dining-room and Drawing-room Carpet. All Rug buyers from Canada and United States have admitted the fact that our stock of Oriental Rugs is the largest and finest and our prices the lowest in America.

We are offering during this month only, the following makes at very special prices:

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The annual meeting of the Toronto Christian Science Students' Association was held in the church edifice, corner Queen's avenue and Caer-Howell street, Toronto, on Monday evening, September 3. Mrs. Isabella M. Stewart of Boston, Mass., was the presiding officer. The attendance was the largest in the history of the organization. The usual routine business was transacted, and the following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. I. M. Stewart, president; Mr. R. H. Dee, secretary; Mrs. J. K. Leslie, treasurer. After a session of two and a half hours, the

most successful and promising meeting of the association was brought to a close.

The Berlitz School of Languages, of which Mr. Guy de Lestard is the proprietor, has been removed to a fact which speaks well for the name and progress of the school of Mr. G. de Lestard.

"Did your husband ever conceal anything from you?"
"Not that I ever found out."—Hous-ton Post.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McKendry to the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Dr. Wallace Secombe on Wednesday, September 26.

Mr. Harold Key of the St. Thomas College of Music is in town.

Mrs. Isabella M. Stewart of Boston, Mass., is visiting in Toronto this week, and is being entertained at the King Edward Hotel.

Miss Lola O. Strom of Parkdale has returned to Toronto, after visiting friends in Latchford, New Ontario.

Miss Marie C. Strong returned this week from a delightful holiday trip, and has resumed work at her studio.

Mr. W. S. Calvert, M.P., and Mrs. Calvert, "Pinehurst," Strathroy, Ontario, announce the engagement of their daughter, Helena Augusta, with Mr. James Blake Hunter, private secretary to the Minister of Public Works, Ottawa. The wedding will take place Wednesday, September 26.

Mrs. T. J. Cook of 202 King street west announces the engagement of her daughter Ada to Dr. William Ambrose Fish. The marriage will take place on September 18.

Mr. Frank Williams is summering at Lake Champlain with Max Bendix of New York, with whom he has been studying for the past three years. Mr. Bendix has a class, limited in number, and, combining work with pleasure, makes an ideal outing at this beautiful resort.

It is said that people have to die to be appreciated, and perhaps this is true, in a slightly altered form, of dances. At any rate, the first post-mortem dance of the I.A.A. was a great success. The floor is, I believe, one of the best hereabouts, and the breeze which came through the open doors and windows rendered fans superfluous. A number of visitors were present last Friday night, some of them being Americans en route from Muskoka to their homes in various parts of the United States. Miss Burton of Admiral road, brought her guest, Miss Wilson of Utica, N.Y., a distinguished looking girl, dressed all in white. Miss Ireland, who is home from New York, for a visit, was another welcome dancer. Mrs. Macrae, Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Wynn, Miss Robb, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Horrocks, Mrs. Huckle, Mr. and Mrs. Eastmure, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, and Miss Foy, were, as usual, interested spectators; and Mr. Mont Lowndes and Mrs. Lowndes, a pretty young matron, were also present. The popular fallacy that the "end of the month" is a purgatorial period for would-be festive young bank clerks was being worked overtime to account for the absence of some of the dancing men, though a banker assures me that the first of the month is really the busy time. There were, however, more young people present than usual, some of them being: Miss Madden, popular as ever; Miss Macrae, Miss Gretchen Dunstan, a very sweet-faced young girl, in dainty flowered muslin; Miss Dona Lamont, the Misses Spence, Miss Hunter, Miss Heywood, one of the popular partners; Miss Chenoweth, the Misses Webster, Miss Luvia Ireland, Miss Baines, a pretty girl, wearing a white dress and black hat; Miss Heintzman, Mr. Trees, Mr. Norman Copping, Mr. Trevor Temple, Mr. Thomson, Mr. T. N. Wade, Mr. Heintzman, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Macrae, Mr. Will Appleyard, Mr. Fred Lamont, Mr. Welch and Mr. Spence.

The medical graduates of Trinity held a reunion at the St. Charles Café last Friday night, and, although the affair was arranged hastily by delegates to the British Medical Association meeting, a large number were present and an extremely enjoyable evening spent. Dr. Geikie, for many years dean of the medical faculty, presided, and one of the pleasant episodes of the evening was the presentation "to our honorable dean" of a handsome silver loving cup, as an expression of the regard in which he is held by graduates now following their profession in all parts of the world.

Miss Nita O'Hearn of North Church street has returned to the city after spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. T. Bracken of Ottawa, at her summer cottage, "Opcongo Lodge," Lake Clear.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Sidney Green and Miss Betty Green left for Toronto August 21, after a season at the New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.

Judge Anglin of Toronto is a guest at the New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.

A very pretty house wedding was solemnized on Wednesday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Leckie, 84 Springhurst avenue, when their youngest daughter, Christina (Tena) Gertrude, was married to Mr. Gerald Counter Thompson of North Bay. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Logan Geggie. The bride was given away by her father, and looked charming in a gown of cream crepe de Chine over taffeta,

trimmed with lace and seed pearls, a bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and the bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Nellie Leckie, sister of the bride, was gowned in mauve silk mull, with trimmings of valenciennes lace, and carried a bouquet of pink roses and lily of the valley. The little flower girl, Miss Margaret Leckie, cousin of the bride, carried a basket of pink roses and white astors. The best man was the groom's brother, Mr. Russell Thompson, of Montreal. The guests were confined to the immediate relatives of the bride and groom, and a very few intimate friends. The happy couple left by the afternoon boat for Montreal and Quebec. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue panama, with trimmings of white broadcloth, and lace bodice. The hat was blue felt, with white wings. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch and chain, to the bridesmaid a gold locket and chain, to the flower girl a pearl crescent, and to the groomsmen gold cuff links. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will be at home to their friends at the residence of the bride's parents, 84 Springhurst avenue, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, September 13, after which they will reside at North Bay. Among the guests from out of town were Mrs. J. B. and Miss Ruby Thompson, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Thompson, of Orillia; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith and Mrs. Arthur Meldrum of Buffalo; Mrs. M. and Miss J. Thompson, of Seaford, and Mr. W. J. Leckie, of Norfolk, Va.

To secure the most perfect result you should consult W. D. McVey, the photographer, about the costume you should wear, the style in which you should dress your hair, etc. Studio open until nine o'clock every evening for consultation. Studio, 514 Queen street west. Phone Main 6397. Mr. McVey will be behind the camera himself.

Announcing Arrival.

I take pleasure in announcing the opening of my exclusive fabrics for fall and winter wear in Suitings, Overcoatings, Trouserings and Fancy Vestings. You are welcome here any time, whether you come to buy or merely to talk over the clothes question. Henry A. Taylor, 119 West King street.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb Births.

PARKER—On Wednesday, September 5, at 316 St. George street, the wife of W. R. Percival Parker, a son.

CLARK—At 867 College street, on Tuesday, September 4, 1906, to Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Clark, a son.

PEARCE—At 96 Roxboro street west, on September 5, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Pearce, a daughter.

BROCK—On Saturday September 1, the wife of Weston F. Brock, of a son.

HERBERT—At 626 Dovercourt road, on Sunday, September 2, 1906, the wife of Walter G. Herbert, of a daughter.

TOO GOOD FOR TORONTO!

exclaimed a New Yorker, after taking a Turkish and Russian Bath at Cook's. These baths are too good for Toronto; they should be in New York.

We beg to differ with the New Yorker, and we know that you will agree with us that the best is not too good for Toronto, which is acknowledged by all the finest city on the continent. Cook's New Turkish and Russian Baths, 202 and 204 King Street West, are the finest and most up-to-date on the continent. If you have not seen them or enjoyed the delightful sensation one experiences during and after the bath, now is the time for you to start—you don't know what you are missing. Open day and night. Excellent sleeping accommodation and private sleeping rooms. A dainty bill of fare served night and day.

The Cost of a Furnace

really begins after you buy it and pay for it. It comes in the amount of fuel you feed to it and in repairs. The best furnace is actually the cheapest.



Sectional View of Buck's Leader Furnace

Buck's "Leader" Furnace is built to give cheap heat, lots of it, and to last a lifetime.

Its firepot is in sections—it will never wear out. Its proportions of firepot and radiating surface are exact, every heat unit in the fuel being extracted and used. Its radiator is of solid steel and every joint in it is absolutely air and gas-tight. It can burn wood as successfully as coal, the feed-door being very large. It requires no expert to run it and will stand rough usage. Its massive construction and scientific principles make it the most durable, powerful and economical heater ever built. An absolute guarantee goes with every

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Died.

SAUNDERS—On Thursday, August 30, John M. Saunders very suddenly passed out of this life at his home in Maitland, Florida (formerly of Toronto).

CARGILL—On Friday, August 31, Henrietta Mary, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cargill, aged 1 year, 10 months and 14 days.

BEST—On Tuesday, September 4, 1906, at her home, 118 Spadina road, Mrs. M. A. Best, in her 54th year.

JOHNSTON—At his residence, 56 Gloucester street, Toronto, on Monday, September 3, 1906, David Irving Johnston, formerly of Cobourg, in his 80th year.

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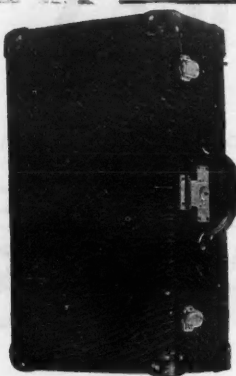
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The Leading "Star"
is the aim of many. In such a position is placed every lady who has

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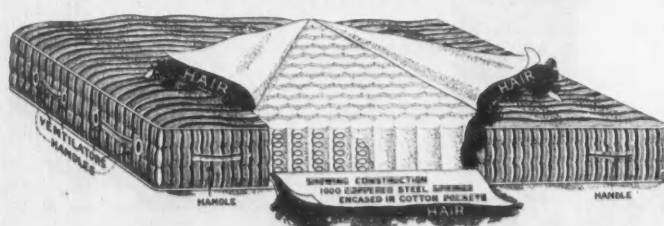
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Society at the Capital

THE usual list of autumn weddings has already begun in the Capital, and on Monday morning last that of one of Ottawa's fairest and most popular girls, Miss Anne Malloch, third daughter of the late Dr. E. C. Malloch, took place at St. Andrew's Church, Mr. Herbert Saxon Grindley of the staff of the Bank of British North America, Montreal (of which his late father was general manager), being the happy bridegroom. In the absence of Rev. Dr. Herridge, Rev. Dr. Armstrong officiated, and the church was prettily decorated with numerous palms and flowers. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Louis Malloch, looked extremely dainty and graceful in her robe des noces of beautiful Limerick lace, over rich white satin, the lace being especially valuable owing to the fact that it had been worn on a similar occasion by the great-grandmother of the fair young bride, the veil of Brussels lace being also a much-prized heirloom in the family, having already decked the fair heads of several brides in years gone by. A beautiful pendant of sapphires and diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom, was the single ornament worn, and a large bouquet of white roses and ferns was carried by the bride. Miss Madge Jean Malloch, the bride's younger and only remaining unmarried sister, was the one bridesmaid, and wore a gown of delicate pink silk, with a large black picture hat, and carried pink roses. To her the groom's gift was a pearl and turquoise pendant. Mr. Arthur Appleton of the Bank of Montreal performed the duties of best man, and was presented by the groom with a sapphire pin, as a memento of the happy event. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the guests were driven to the residence of the bride's great-aunt, Mrs. H. V. Noel, in Queen street, those invited having been limited principally to the relatives of both families, including Sir James and Lady Grant, uncle and aunt of the bride; Miss Harriot Grant, Mrs. and Miss Grindley of Toronto; Lieutenant-Colonel L. Coutlee, Mrs. and the Misses Coutlee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coutlee, Mrs. Frank Malloch and Miss Joan Malloch of Hamilton; Mrs. George Malloch and Miss Margaret Malloch of Annapolis; Mrs. Ellen Lord and Mrs. Frank Scott of Hull, and a few intimate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Grindley left on the midday train for the West, the bride's going-away costume being of blue cloth, with Eton coat, having collar and cuffs of white silk, braided in gold, and opening over a soft lingerie blouse. With this smart suit was worn a hat of blue felt, with trimmings of velvet quills of the same shade. On their return from their honeymoon, Montreal will be the residence of the happy young couple.

The meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association at Rockcliffe Rifle Range has this week brightened up things generally after the summer apathy, and the presence of so many military visitors has given quite a "zip" to social matters. On Thursday the president of the association, Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson of Hamilton, and Mrs. Gibson entertained at the Range at a reception, to which about six hundred invitations were sent out, a welcome innovation this year being a change from the usual afternoon affair to an evening one, and the young people enjoyed a dance in one of the large rooms to the inspiring music furnished by the band of the 43rd Regiment. Japanese lanterns, flags and palms were tastefully used in decorating the walks and verandahs of the large pavilion, and the presence of so many officers in uniform, added to the fact that it was a most beautiful moonlight night, combined in creating a wonderfully pretty scene. Mrs. Gibson wore a becoming gown of cream crepe de Chine, and carried a large bouquet of pink roses, and all the ladies present wore pretty summer toilettes, and hats, dainty flowered muslins being in the majority. From a flower-bedecked table in a room upstairs, supper was served at ten o'clock, the guests for the most part remaining outside on the cool verandahs to enjoy it, and at 11.30 p.m. the many guests departed, after having spent three hours of perfect enjoyment.

The Misses Winifred and Dorothy Pearson have been guests of their cousin, Mrs. Godfrey Greene, for the past few weeks, and left on Monday to spend a short time in Toronto and Niagara Falls, en route to New York, whence they expect to sail for their home on September 8.

Another English visitor in the Capital is Miss Madge Edwards of Aston House, Knebworth, England, who is with her uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Bell, having come over from the Old Country with Mrs. Bell a few weeks ago.

Last week saw the return to the Capital of many of the Cabinet Ministers, some of whom remained in town for a few days only, while others have returned to their city homes for the next few months. Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth, and also Hon. Charles Hyman, arrived in town on Tuesday; Sir Richard Cartwright spent the greater part of the week attending to his Ministerial duties, returning to Kingston on Saturday. Hon. L. P. Brodeur returned to town

at the beginning of the week, and will be joined by Madame Brodeur in about two weeks' time. Sir Frederic Borden, Minister of Militia, accompanied by Lady and Miss Borden, sailed on Saturday for England by the Allan Line steamer "Virginian." Hon. Frank Oliver, Mrs. and the Misses Oliver, who have been summering in England and on the Continent, expect to sail for Canada on September 4.

The engagement has recently been announced here of Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, second daughter of the late Captain C. L. J. Fitzgerald, of H.M. 1st and 38th West India Regiment, to Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Leonard Jarvis of the Department of Agriculture, and late of the Governor-General's Foot Guards.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, September 3, 1906.

Denison, Japanese Leader

A BRIEF history of the men in this and other countries who have fallen into positions of influence and lost them through talking too much, would be interesting. A man may be very valuable to an institution, but as soon as he begins to spread abroad his opinion that he is the whole institution, or indispensable to it, he is likely soon to be out of a job. And, as a rule, the establishment which he fancied could not exist without his services still worries alone. The man named Denison, who hails from the United States, and who is employed by the Japanese Foreign Office, should read a lesson from the experience of others. The newspapers are beginning to talk too much about him, and some of these days the Japanese Government will conclude that it can manage to do business with him. A writer in "T. O. P." Mr. T. P. O'Connor's new English weekly, refers as follows to the gentleman:

Henry Denison, the American member of the Japanese Foreign Office, who was practically unknown except to the diplomats of the world until the time of the Portsmouth Peace Conference, is really the power behind the throne. There have been aliens beside and behind other thrones, but in no modern State does there live a man bearing the relation to his Government and exercising the wide and beneficial influence with its powerful neighbors that Denison does in Japan. For nearly thirty years he has held his post in the Foreign Office in Tokio.

He is a modest man, this Denison; one who has always kept himself in the background, and his work for a quarter of a century is merged, unidentified, in the general accomplishment of the Government which he serves.

If circumstances were different, says his English admirer who has written the appreciation of him, his name would probably be as familiar in London as those of Lansdowne, Grey, Hay, Delcassé, Von Bülow, Lamson, and the rest, for he is of their rank.

Denison prefers the satisfaction that comes from work well done rather than the praise of the world. He lives quietly in one of the smaller official residences in Tokio, almost a recluse save to his intimate friends, to whom he is said to bring a charming simplicity of manner, a splendid measure of warmth and geniality and a delightful fund of wit and humor.

He is said rarely to avoid the social life of the city and manifestly to shun

the inevitable intrigue and personal political play of the diplomatic capital. He rarely absents himself for a day from the Foreign Office, to which he goes early and at which he frequently remains until far into the night. Outside of an official list that shows that he ranks next to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Japan, that he is a judge of the Hague Tribunal and that he was officially included in the Japanese peace embassy at Portsmouth, nothing official concerning him can be found.

Born in Vermont some time in the forties, he went to Washington as a youth from college to take a departmental clerkship, and there he remained through the Civil War.

Progress in the department was slow, no one seeming to detect genius in this unassuming young New Englander, and discouraged by the humdrum life, Denison sought and obtained a consular clerkship at Yokohama.

Japan was just then opening up to our world, and upon the few known facts of the country had been builded romance that chained the imagination of the young departmental clerk. He crossed the Pacific late in the sixties upon a journey that was to open to him his great career in life. These consular days really prepared Denison for his career.

There were extra territorial rights, in these days and for these rights and the first of the treaties negotiated with Japan grew a vast number of intricate legal questions.

Denison's inclination was to the law. First a student of it because of the necessities of his work, he later became a master of it through his growing love for it. The possessor of a completely balanced judicial mind, a judgment as dispassionate as a machine, and a memory almost as accurate as the graver's art, he made splendid progress in the law, and within a few years he resigned from the consular service to practise law privately among the foreign community in Japan.

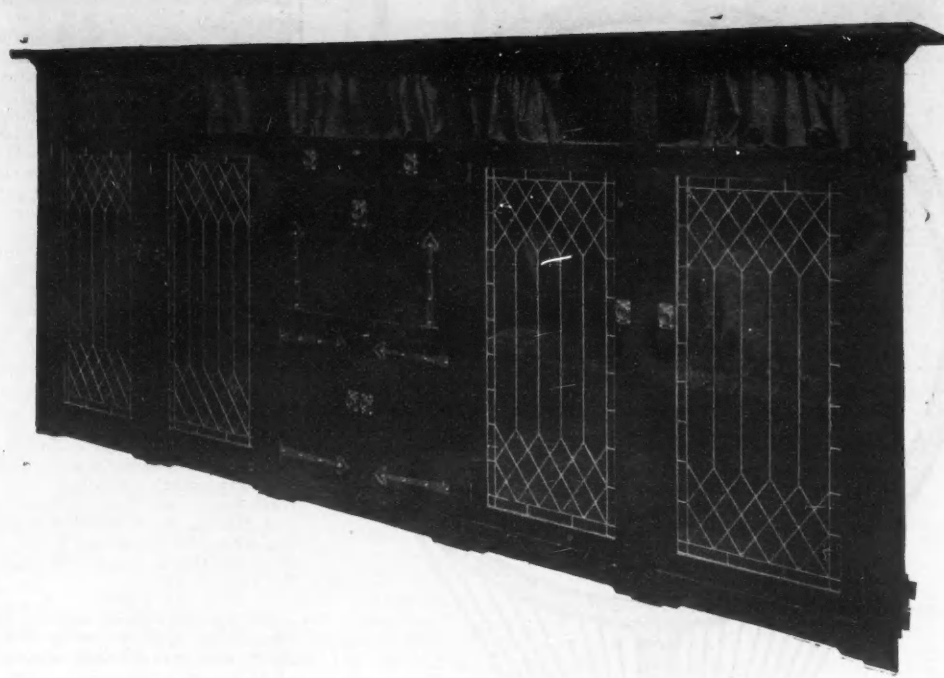
Frequent examples of his talent brought him to the notice of the Japanese Government, and in 1880 Count Inouye, one of the elder statesmen of Japan, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, invited him to join the permanent staff of his office.

In those years there were hundreds of Western teachers, experts and guides of various kinds in the employ of the Government, teaching the people the ways of the West; but the pupils soon became masters, and score by score the instructors were dropped. Only a handful now remain, and Denison is their leader, in rank, pay and consideration.

Denison has broadened and progressed with the work until, in his knowledge of international law, the history of diplomacy, usage and custom and the general science of government, he is the equal of any living man. It is difficult to single out the particular achievements of this wonderful, silent, reserved man, who stands forever in the background, but there has not been an important foreign affair for twenty years in which he has not been consulted.

Throughout the troublesome days of the war with China he was ever at the side of Count Mutsu, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. Denison's part in that piece of history will probably never be known. All that we know of it is that at the close of the war Denison was summoned to court to receive a handsome grant of money and the thanks of the royal family.

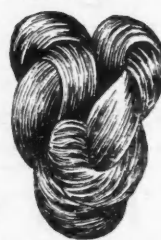
In the affair with Russia he was constantly at the side of Baron Komura, and a British diplomat was heard to declare that Denison wrote in behalf of Japan the bulk of the wonderful correspondence from Tokio,



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has implanted within her the desire to look well and upon no other single attribute does she depend so much as upon her hair.

Nature is not always kind and often takes away again what she gives, consequently we have to look to art to help us. To the woman who desires

A Fine Head of Hair

and whose natural hair is thin, discolored and hard to manage, there is nothing so welcome and handsome as PEMBER'S Semi-transformation, the very newest and most beautiful of head coverings. This is a special boon where the hair is thin or where an especially luxuriant head of hair is desired and it is so artistically made and so stylishly dressed, and imparts such a distinguished appearance to the wearer that its instant success is easily understood.



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are being offered around town at what seems like very low prices, but when the shoddy character of material and work is looked at, and the fact that no wear can be had from them, they are doubly dear. Be sure you call at PEMBER'S before you buy.

The best Hair Goods at the lowest prices.

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pitly, incisive, clear and logical, that preceded the war.

The same British diplomat was authority for the statement that Denison advised the Japanese Government throughout the negotiations for the first treaty alliance with Great Britain.

Denison played an important part in the treaty revision that, ten years ago, claimed the attention of the world, and there have been few domestic concerns of high importance in which his resourceful knowledge, judgment and resource have not been used to great advantage by the Japanese Government. At Portsmouth, with Witte and Komura had concluded peace, Denison was designated, on behalf of the Japanese, to frame the agreement and treaty that were later signed.

There have been changes innumerable in the government of Japan since Denison first entered the service, but each succeeding cabinet has recognized his worth, and insisted on his retention. He has received the highest decorations granted by the crown to those who are not princes of the blood, and if he ever cared to take advantage of great honorary position he would be welcomed everywhere throughout the land as a great noble. He is one of a very small number of foreigners ever admitted to the slightest of intimate approaches to the Emperor, and among his valued possessions are several costly imperial presents.

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Grandfathers' Clocks—Some genuine old examples.
Inlaid Mahogany Tea Tables and Tabourets.
Persian Rugs—A large number of beautiful designs.
Benares and Jeypore Brassware.
Sheffield Trays—Fish and Dessert Sets.
Water Colors and Paintings from the Studios of prominent English, Dutch and French Artists, a collection not to be surpassed anywhere.

All of the above goods are of the highest quality and are only to be found in the best shops in the city, and the prices will be found to be very moderate.

Notes from Niagara

NIAGARA has outclassed itself. For years there has not been such a week. Everything has gone with a rush—tournaments, dances and smaller affairs, and, as someone remarked at the barn-dance, so much "ginger" in everything. Everyone has been looking for a good time, and consequently have made it for themselves, and, Saturday night, beamed on each other even while saying, "Just one week more," with an attempt at lugubriousness ludicrous to behold.

Just to set the ball rolling, Miss Foy and Mr. Kirkover walked off with the Davis Cups on Monday to the tune of a jolly little supper party at the clubhouse, to which principally the young married set were bidden. The young married set, which includes Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Borden of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kirkover, popular Buffalons, The Crookstans and the Jim Foy's are the people who have really enjoyed life at Niagara this summer. Almost every evening they form a jolly party on the porch or in the rotunda, Mr. Davis and Mr. Kirkover swapping Dutch stories that are one long laugh for everyone fortunately near enough to hear. Mrs. Kirkover's brother joined the group this week, and, as he is the possessor of a very good voice, was a decided acquisition, as was also Mr. Diehlion of Cleveland, who usually spends part of August here, and sang charmingly at the concert Sunday evening.

On Tuesday tennis men and golfers began to arrive. Mr. Cochrane, Mr. Holt Gurney, Mr. Burns, Mr. Routh and Mr. Glasscoe being Toronto's principal representatives. I think everyone was glad to see Mr. Dewhurst, the man from Australia, as one hears him spoken of, in Niagara once more. Mr. Dewhurst is one of the most popular men who have ever won a game on the courts here, and one wishes his stay were not necessarily of such short duration. Mr. Irving Wright, on the courts, and Mr. Douglas Laird, on the links, were the favorites, and, of course, the winners. Mr. Laird carrying off the championship medal with the ease he showed

last year in the same good cause, and Mr. Wright winning out with equal sang froid over the net.

Miss Sutton's coming was a dream, from which we were reluctantly obliged to wake up, so persistent it was in not coming true, and Miss Moyes, Miss Cook and Miss Summerhayes played their own games, and then went despondently home, still sighing to conquer or be conquered. At the Golf Club, however, the fair sex were up against rather a stronger proposition, Miss Phepoe being again down from Hamilton, and carrying everything before her, as she always must where golf is played. Miss Fellowes, who has been very popular over here as Mrs. Hunter's guest over the tournament, was another much-applauded prize-winner. Also Miss Colquhoun and Mrs. Thompson, representing each of the home clubs. The teas at the old club during the week have been the brightest imaginable. Half a dozen automobiles and a drag or two pulled up in the front lent a decidedly sporting air on all three afternoons, Mrs. Thomas taking over a very large party one day in her big red touring car, among them being Mrs. Barnard and that "pretty girl bunch," of which her daughter is such a spirited member, and which includes Miss Beddome, Miss McLean, Miss Lansing, Miss Garrett and Miss Edwards.

Some of these same young people who had the barn-dance decorations in hand came over on Friday after their tour of the countryside in a wagon laden with pumpkins and corn-stalks, and after demonstrating to a finish their appreciation of the club's hospitality, played "musical chairs" on the lawn, and even formed a ring on the common en route for home, and danced a "Paul Jones" to the delectation or the scandalization of the spectator, as the case might be.

The concert and golden rod dance Thursday evening could easily be chronicled the event of the week were it not that the barn dance, coming later, is fresher in our memory. Even so, the concert was the best we have had in the Casino for many a day, and the room itself, with its pillars and stage massed with golden rod, exceedingly pretty to see. Someone said it was the "beauty show" of the summer, every girl hailing it as the last opportunity to air her prettiest

gown. Miss Edwards looked particularly well in a lovely white chiffon taffeta gown, as did Miss Phillips in black net, and Miss Lansing in a charming little frock of lace inserted organdie. Miss Beddome was another looking her best, in white also, as was Miss Medland. Mrs. Jim Foy was in pale blue, and Miss Thomas a dainty little figure in white radium. Miss Garrett was a popular partner, in a most becoming frock of pale yellow, and Miss Flieschman looked very well in pink.

Bathing parties and straw-rides formed quite a part of the week's programme, being sandwiched in at odd moments, and proving a decided appetizer, tea at the club rounding off the three last days of the week.

The tournament tea was all that could be desired. Mr. Hunter presented the prizes in his clever, humorous way, much walking back and forth being forced upon Miss Phepoe and Mr. Laird, Miss Phepoe accepting what she frankly admitted to be her seventeenth clock with astonishing composure.

But the barn dance was the thing! The casino was a really beautiful sight, with its elaborate decorations of corn and jack-lanterns, and when the lights were turned out and the dancers flitted about in the shadowy light of the jack-lanterns and fairy lamps, it was as pretty a sight as one would wish to see. Some of the costumes were delightful—Miss Pauline Foy in a red-checked pinafore and sunbonnet and Miss Maud Wier in the same style costume in blue, looking particularly well. There were so many and such varied costumes, everyone entering so completely into the spirit of the thing, that it is very hard to discriminate. The "truly rural" is vastly becoming, but one must mention Miss Thomas and Mr. Julier, who, as a country maiden and her swain, were irresistibly funny, the costumes being exceedingly well done. Those dancing included Miss Beddome, Mrs. Foy, Miss Foy, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. McKenzie, Miss Mary Bissell (Buffalo), Miss Ethel Dickson, Mr. E. Foy, Mr. Irving Wright, Mr. Holt Gurney, Mr. Harold Suydam, Miss Lansing, Miss Edwards, Miss Garrett, Miss Helen McLean, Mr. Winn Forse, Mr. Douglas Laird, Miss Marjorie Fellows, Mr. Frank Cochrane, Miss Maud Turner, Miss Nora Warren, Miss Gertrude Warren, Mrs. Godfrey, Mr. Ralph Burns, Mr. Kirkover, Miss Violet Edwards, Mr. Albert Routh, Mr. Egbert, Mr. Ball and Mr. Bis Warrin.

This week, the last of the season, has begun with a rush. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Foy are giving cups for a mixed foursome at the Lower Golf Club, and various picnics and out-of-town trips are being discussed. One did regret on Tuesday that St. Mark's chimes were temporarily disabled, but the inexhaustible nature of the rice supply did much in the way of compensation.

PRISCILLA.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, September 5.

After the holidays you feel and look benefited. While you are looking better would be an opportune time to visit Herbert E. Simpson, photographer, 108 Yonge street.

Social and Personal.

Mr. R. Barbour, son of Sir David and Lady Barbour of London, England, also cousin of Mrs. F. B. Allan (née Tuthill) spent last week with Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Allan of Brunswick avenue.

Miss Miriam Hart, accompanied by her brother, Harry, sailed on the 7th on the "Tunisian" for London, to resume her vocal studies under Mr. W. Shakespeare.

Miss MacMurtry of 646 Euclid avenue, who has been spending the summer at Port Bowmanville, has returned home. After October 1 Miss MacMurtry will receive on the first and third Wednesdays.

Dr. Harold Clark and his family have returned from Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morin and the Misses Juliette and Rita Morin have returned from a trip to Sault Ste Marie, Port Arthur and Duluth.

Miss Madeline Kelly of Toronto, who is living with her aunt in Buffalo, is spending a month in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Fairclough, with their family, returned from Muskoka on Saturday, and will reside in their new home, 48 Hawthorne avenue, Rosedale.

Miss Rosa O'Neil of Winchester street has gone to New York for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ridout of St. Alban street, with their family, have gone to Center Island, having taken Mr. Coulter's cottage, St. Andrews avenue, for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre of "The Alexandre" has returned to town, after spending the summer at the Royal Muskoka.

Miss Madeleine Evans, 'cellist, of Toronto, is at present filling a nine weeks' engagement with the Cleveland Ladies' Orchestra. Her solo work at

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the different Chatauquas has been spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Cummings in Church street.

Dr. and Mrs. Moher of Brockville of Miss Eva Hamilton Hunter, only

daughter of the late Principal D. H. Hunter of Woodstock, and Mr. Charles Henry Hersee of Redlands, Cal., at Woodstock, on Wednesday, September 19.